



No.97

MAR...TEN CENTS



Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.





THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

SEVEN SWITCHES—
AND SIX SUMMON DEATH!
BUT FIND THE RIGHT ONE
AND A GLITTERING FORTUNE
WILL BE YOURS!
FOLLOW THIS TRAIL OF INTRIGUE
AND TREACHERY THAT LEADS THE
MIGHTY **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**,
THE BOY WONDER, TO A GRIM
SHOWDOWN IN WHICH DEATH HAS
STACKED THE ODDS, AND WATCH
THE FAMED CRIME-CRUSHERS
DEFY THE LAW OF AVERAGES
AND RISK THE FATAL LOTTERY
IN...

"The
SECRET OF THE SWITCH!"



GOTHAM CITIZENS PORE OVER
STARTLING MORNING NEWS...



WHAT'S THIS?—
WAS NOT THE
SLASHER A RUTH-
LESS CRIMINAL,
ONE OF GOTHAM
CITY'S WORST
CITIZENS?
WHY, THEN, SUCH
GLOWING OBITUARIES
FOR THE
MAN
THE BATMAN
HAD PUBLICLY
SWORN TO GET?
ONLY TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS EARLIER...

IN A SINISTER WATERFRONT DIVE,
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN MEET
OSCAR THE WEASEL—

BUT WHY ARE
YOU TIPPING ME
OFF TO THE
SLASHER'S
HIDEOUT?

THE SLASHER
WON'T LEMME
PULL OUT, SEE?
I WANNA GO
STRAIGHT?

I'LL
STILL
HOLD ON
TO MY
WATCH!

CHECKING THE WEASEL'S TIP-OFF, THE
CRIME FIGHTERS APPROACH THE
MASTER CROOK'S LAIR...

WE'D BE CRAZY
TO TRUST THAT
LITTLE RAT!

YES—WE'D
BETTER WATCH
OURSELVES!
IT MIGHT BE
A TRAP!

THAT'S FUNNY—
THE DOOR'S NOT
LOCKED! I
DON'T LIKE
THIS...

LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE
EXPECTED...
WATCH OUT
FOR THE
BRASS BAND!

BUT OMINOUS SILENCE
SHROUDS THE HOUSE?

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN—
THAT'S THE ONLY PLACE
WE HAVEN'T SEARCHED!

I SMELL
TROUBLE!

HOLY
SMOKE!

WHAT
IS IT?

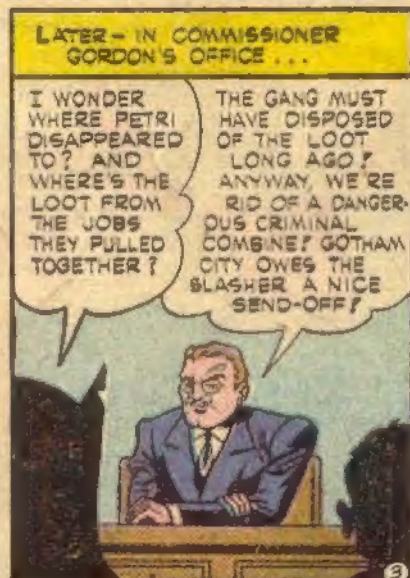
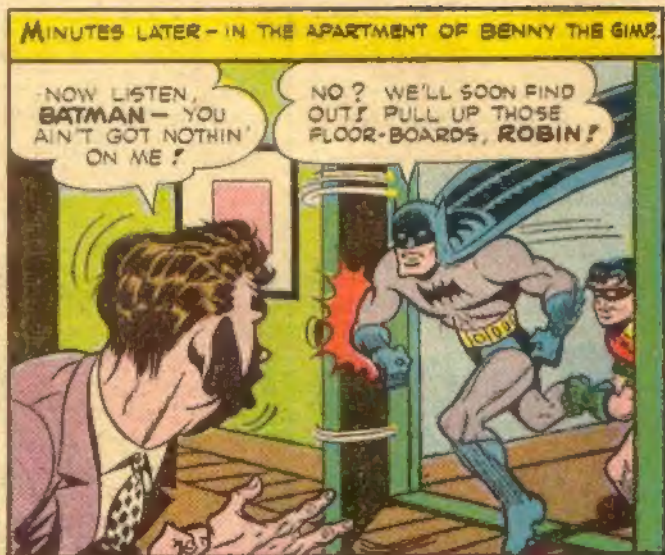
SUICIDE?
I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!

LOOK—THERE'S
A NOTE ON
THE WINDOW
SHADE?

Batman.

I'm tired of being hunted. This is my
way out. Maybe Gotham's the other
major ridding with. Benny the Gimp
crooks I worked with. Look under
has the Smythe jewels—Look under
the floor boards in his room. The
Nutcracker has the De Pussier
brooch—Unscrew his bed-post.
Lop-ears McGook has the Anna
Jeweler's Coat—Search his mattress.
Nick Patel is gone for good. He won't
betray you.

The Slasher





AND THAT EXPLAINS THE STARTLING HEADLINES WE FIRST SAW... BUT THE BATMAN HAS NOT WRITTEN FINIS TO THE CASE YET... NEXT DAY...

FUNNY THING ABOUT SLASHER'S DOG? WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO IT? THOSE TWO WERE INSEPARABLE!

CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE HE'D GIVE IT TO! NOBODY COULD HAVE WANTED THAT FIERCE BEAST!



YOU'RE RIGHT! NOBODY ELSE COULD HAVE HANDLED THAT SAVAGE BRUTE! IT'S WISE TO CHECK THESE LITTLE THINGS! OSCAR THE WEASEL MIGHT KNOW WHERE THE DOG IS!



LET'S GO!

THE WEASEL'S GOING IN FOR REFORM IN A BIG WAY!

YES—MAYBE WE'RE IN TIME FOR TEA!



HELLO, OSCAR—JUST DROPPED IN TO SEE HOW YOU WERE DOING! BY THE WAY—WHAT EVER BECAME OF SLASHER'S DOG?

THE MUTT?—WHY—ER—HE GAVE DAT TO A PAL O' HIS OVER AT THE AUTO WRECKER'S!



As BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAVE, THE WEASEL'S HAND STEALS TO THE TELEPHONE...

WELL—ARE YOU SATISFIED?

NOT QUITE! LET'S STROLL OVER TO THE AUTO WRECKER'S!



DIS IS OSCAR, BOSS! HE'S ON HIS WAY! HE DONE JUST LIKE YOU TOLD ME HE WOULD!

NICE GOIN', OSCAR! WE'RE ALL SET AT THIS END!

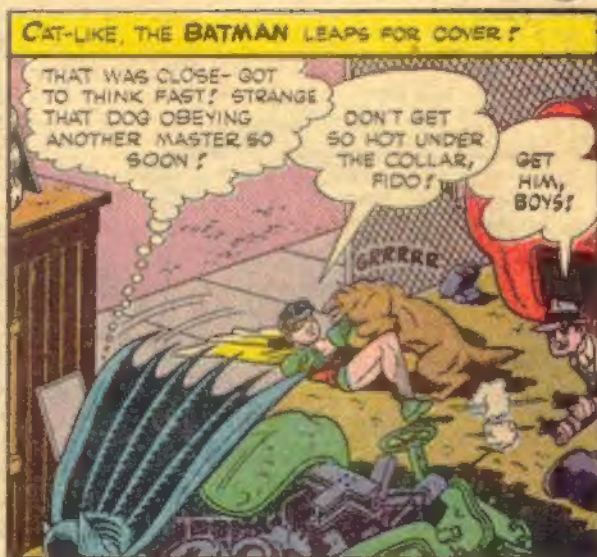


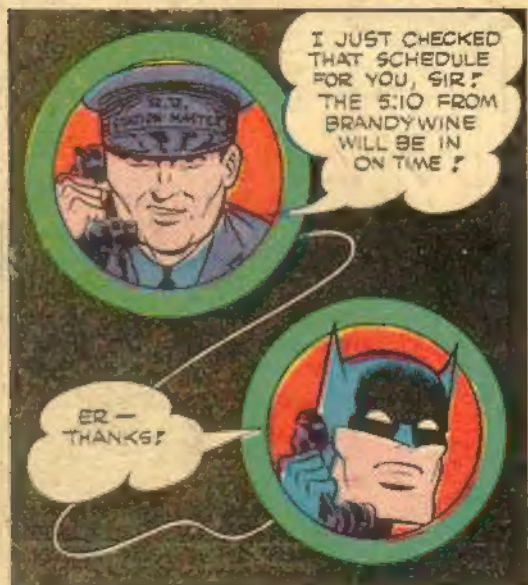
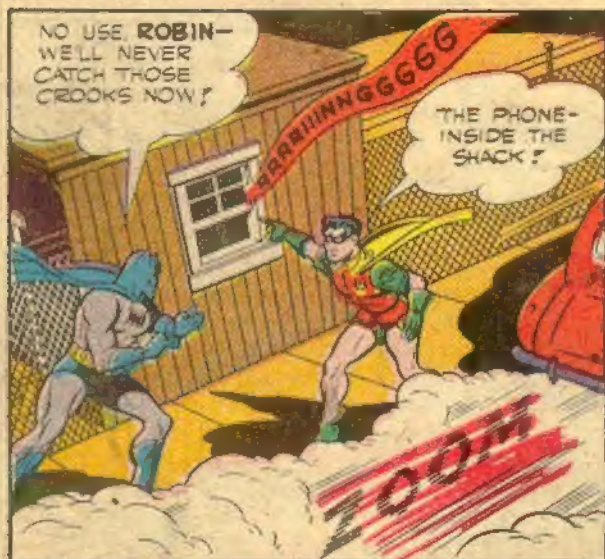
IGNORANT OF THE TRAP THAT AWAITS THEM, BATMAN AND ROBIN ARRIVE AT THE JUNK-YARD...

THAT'S FUNNY—THERE'S NO ONE 'ROUND! WHERE'S THE DOG?

MAYBE IT'S TIED UP IN THE SHACK DURING BUSINESS HOURS!









BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE SUICIDE...

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING OF IMPORTANCE AROUND...

WHAT'S THIS QUEER GADGET?



LOOKS LIKE THE RECEIVING END OF A BURGLAR ALARM! LET'S TRACE IT AND SEE WHERE IT'S CONNECTED!

IT GETS WHACKIER AND WHACKIER! WHAT WOULD A CROOK WANT WITH A BURGLAR ALARM?



THAT'S STRANGE! IT LEADS TO THE ROOF!



MAYBE SLASHER RIGGED IT UP TO KEEP HIMSELF FROM CRACKING HIS OWN SAFE!

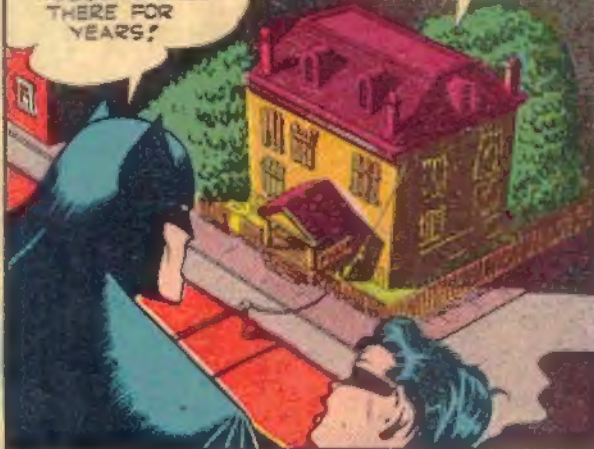
THIS IS GETTING MORE AND MORE MYSTERIOUS! WHERE CAN IT LEAD?

IT'S A CINCH! IT'S NOT BEING USED FOR A CLOTHES LINE!



IT RUNG INTO THE OLD TAYLOR HOUSE! BUT—NOBODY'S LIVED THERE FOR YEARS!

YES, IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED!



THE DUST ON THE FLOOR HASN'T BEEN DISTURBED FOR A LONG TIME! WHY SHOULD THE SLASHER HAVE CONNECTED A BURGLAR ALARM TO THIS OLD PLACE?

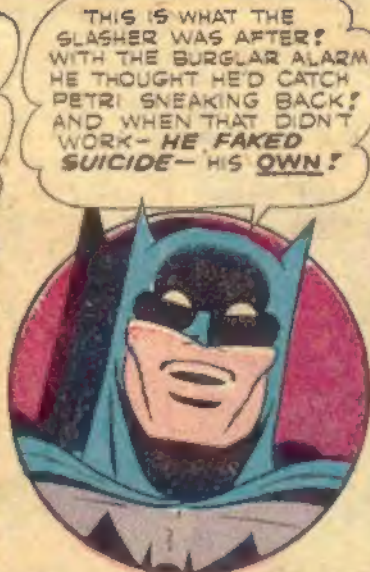
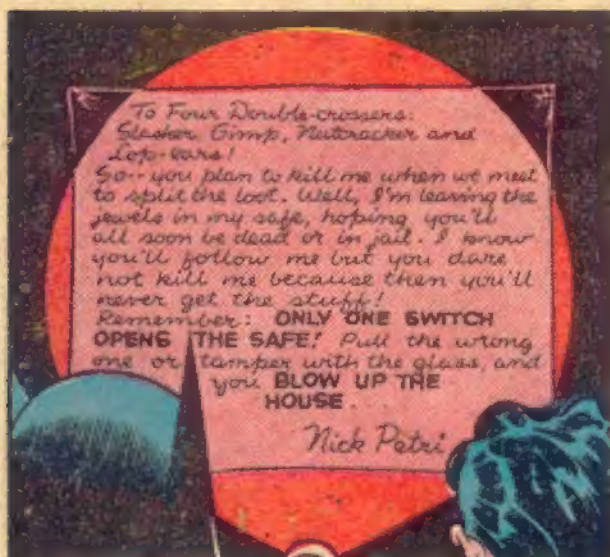
MAYBE THE CHAP WITH THE DOG COULD TELL US THAT! DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE AT THE STATION?

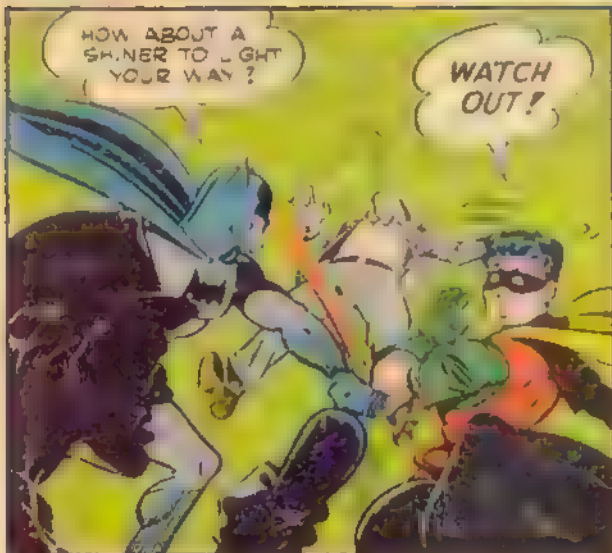
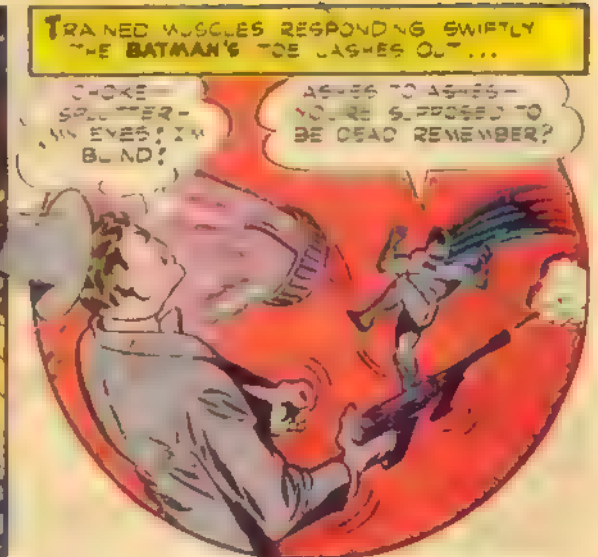
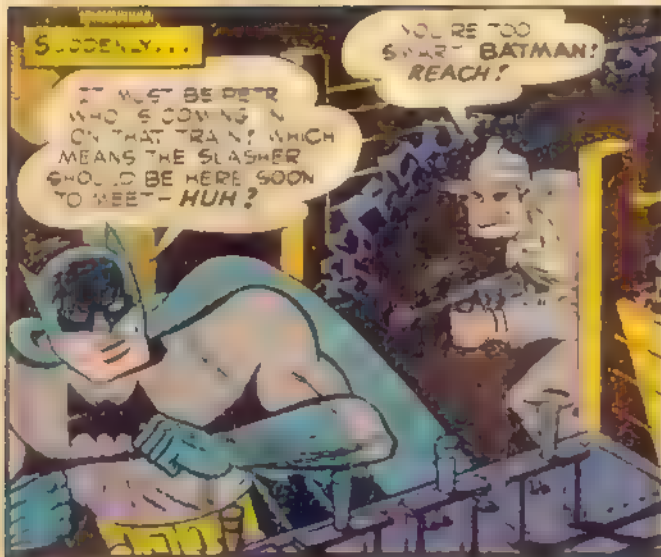


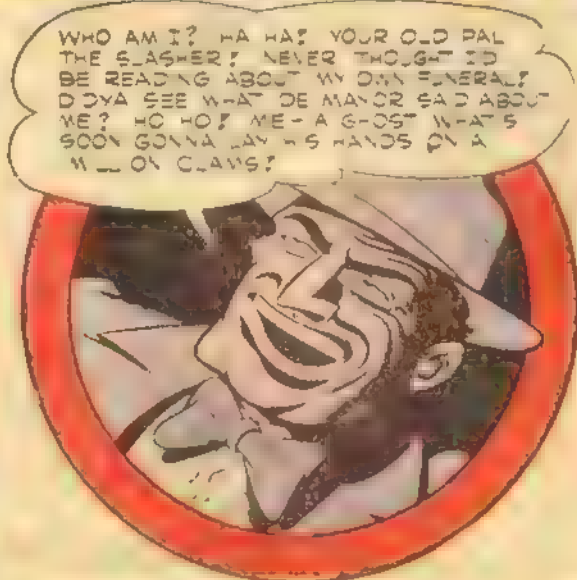
WE'LL GO THERE LATER! LOOK—THERE'S THE WIRE AGAIN! IT RUNS BEHIND THE WALL HERE!

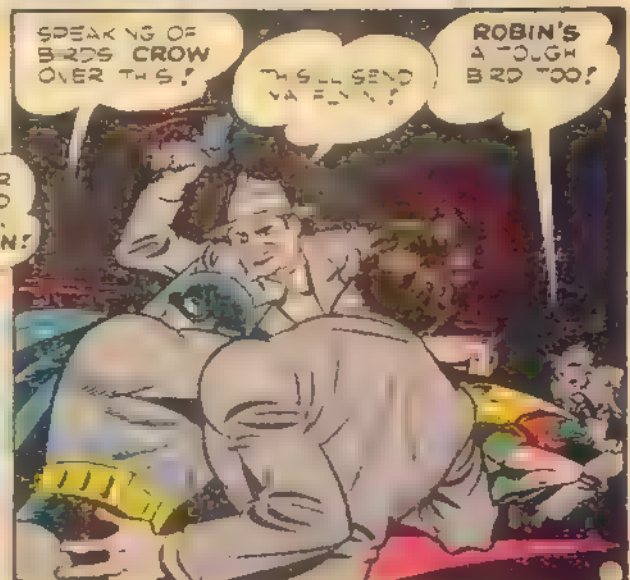
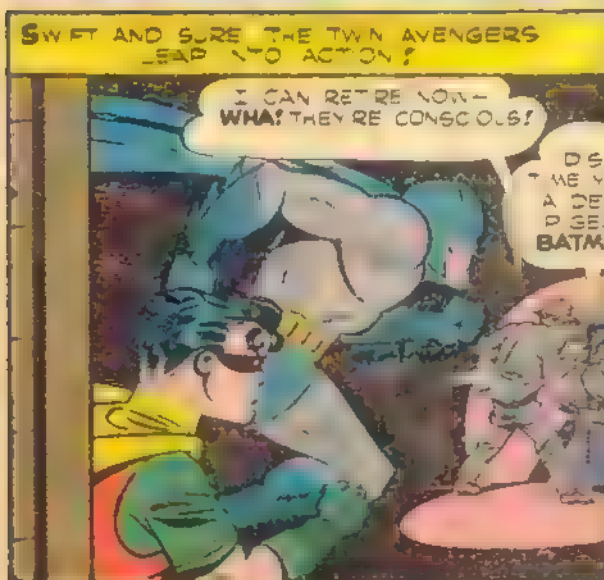
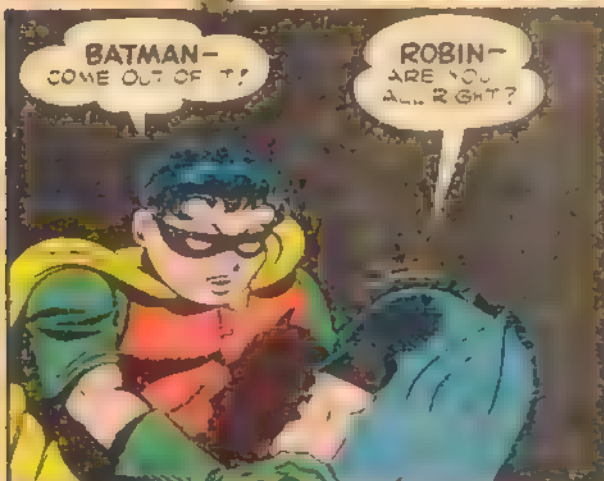


PERHAPS THERE'S A SECRET PANEL!







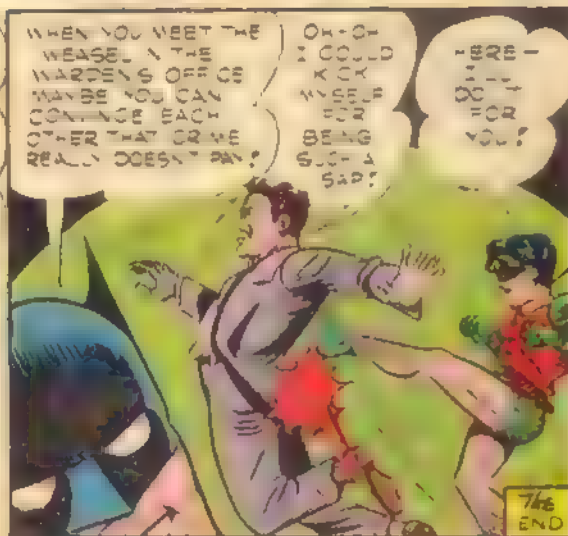
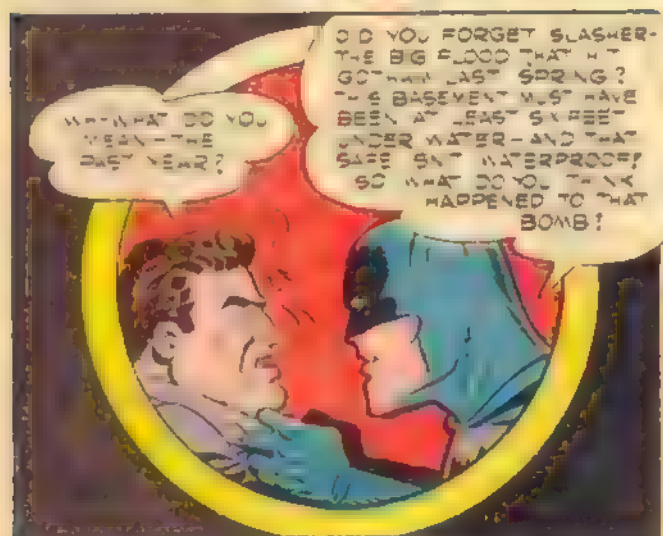


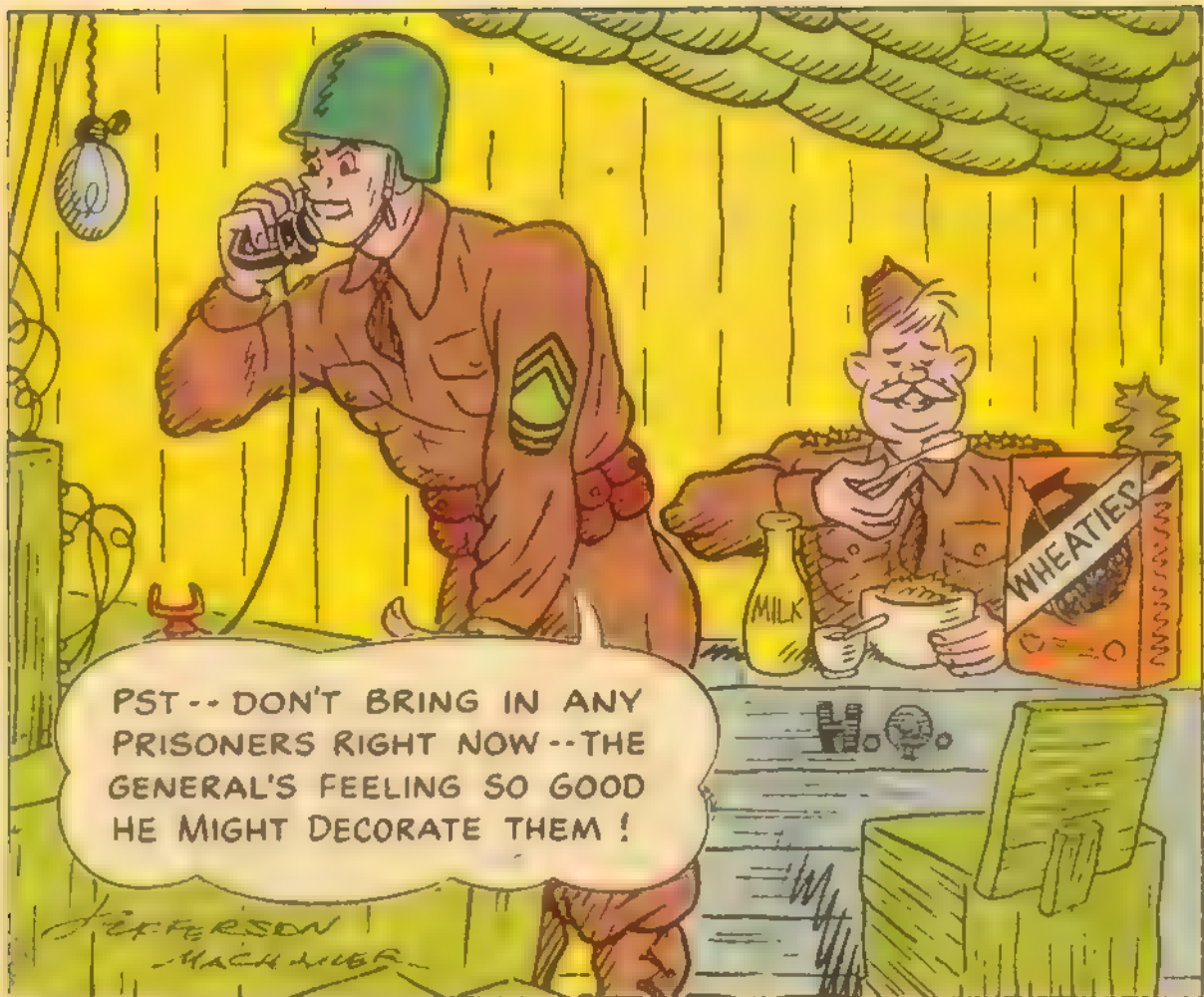


THE CORNERED CRIMINAL PLAYS A LAST DESPERATE HAND AS HIS FINGERS CLOSE OVER ONE OF THE DEADLY SWITCHES!

BUT RECKLESS OF THE WARNING, BATMAN ADVANCES TOWARD THE DESPERATE CROOK!

THE SLASHERS HAND JERKS FORWARD CLOSING THE SWITCH - AS A CRY OF TERROR ECHOES THROUGH THE BASEMENT - AND THEY STUNNED SILENCE!





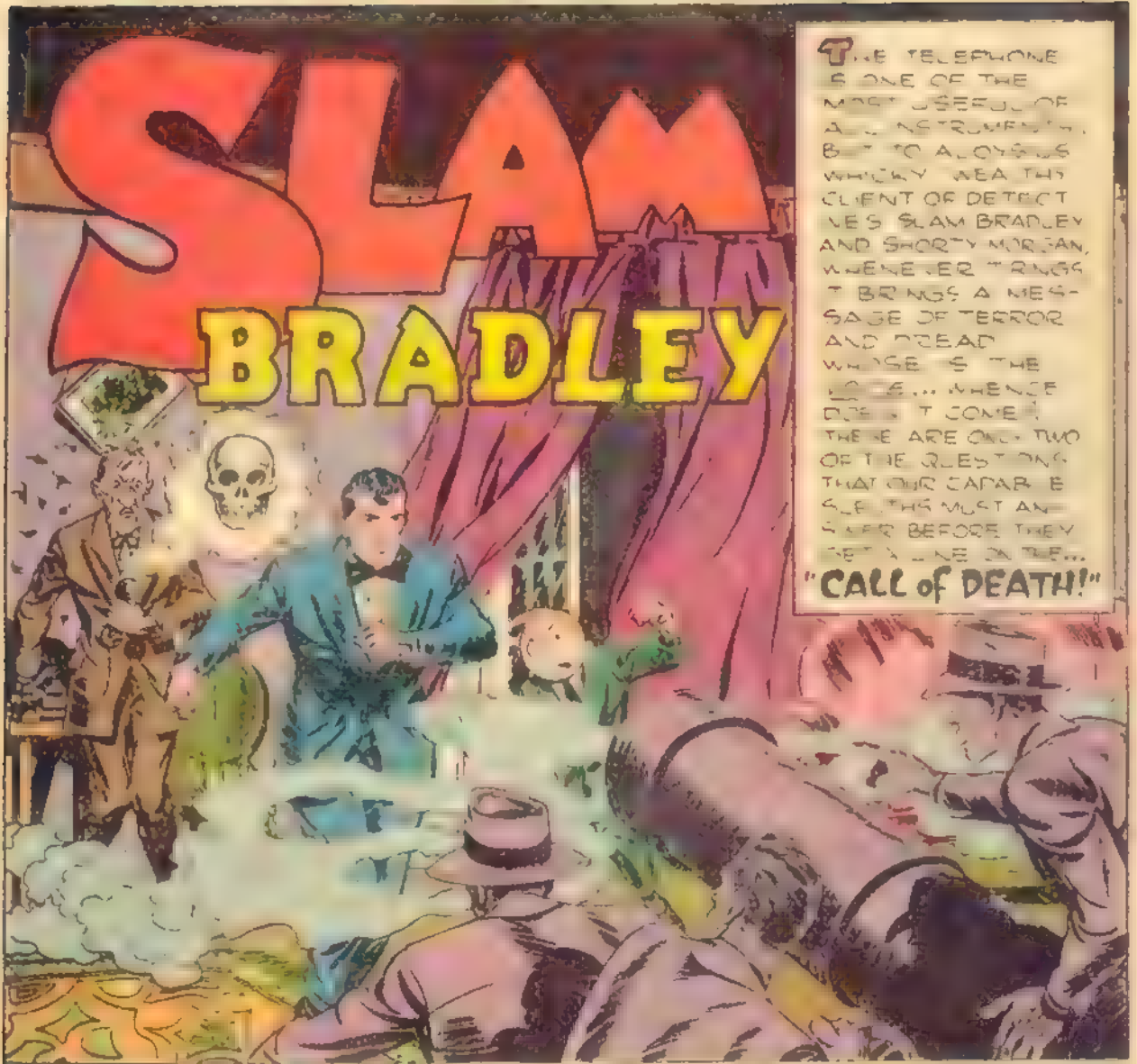
PST--CHANCES ARE YOU'LL FEEL GOOD TOO--WHEN YOU START YOUR DAY WITH A CHEERY BOWLFUL OF MILK FRUIT AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

GOOD WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT IN THOSE CRISP, SPARKLING FLAKES...THE SAME HIGH-CALIBER FOOD VALUES THAT MAKE WHEATIES A FAVORITE WITH MANY CHAMPION ATHLETES. AND **DELICIOUSLY GOOD FLAVOR**... MALT-RICH "SWEET-AS-A-NUT" FLAVOR THAT MAKES SECOND HELPINGS ALMOST AUTOMATIC.

TRY THIS FAMOUS THREE-STAR BREAKFAST DISH. HAVE LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"--TOMORROW AND EVERY MORNING.

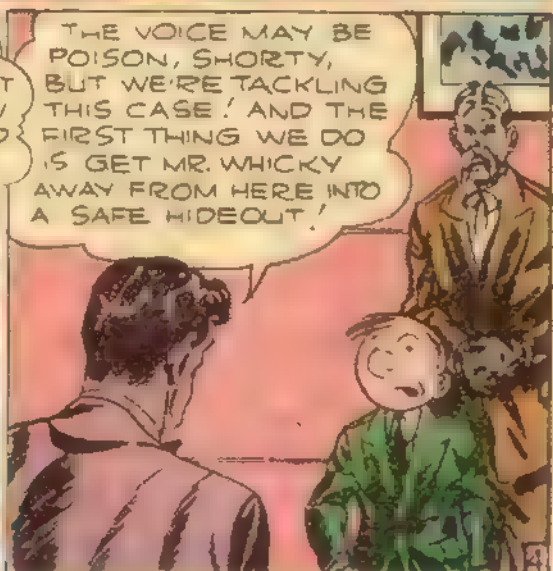
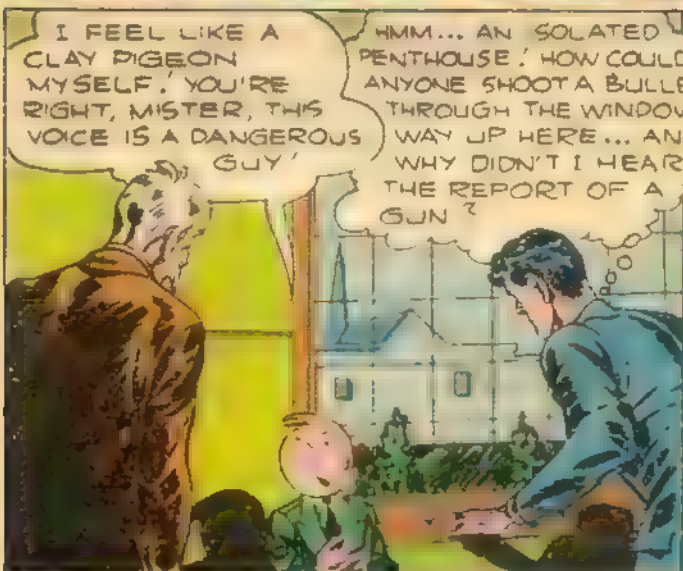
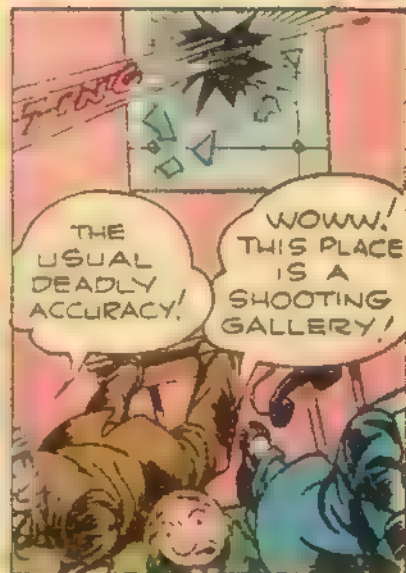
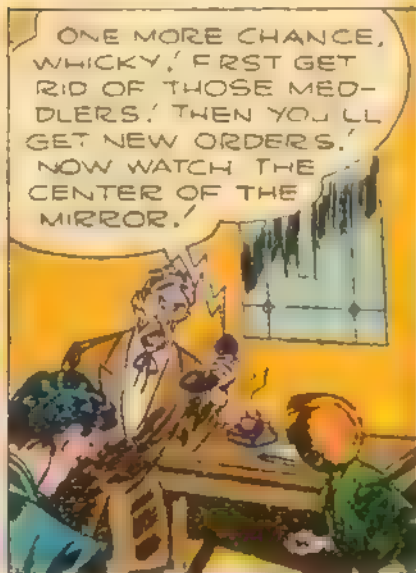
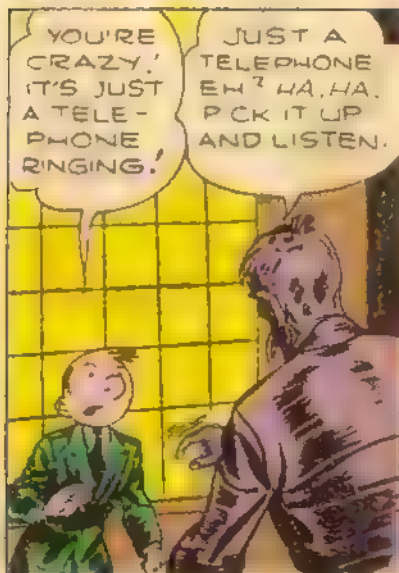


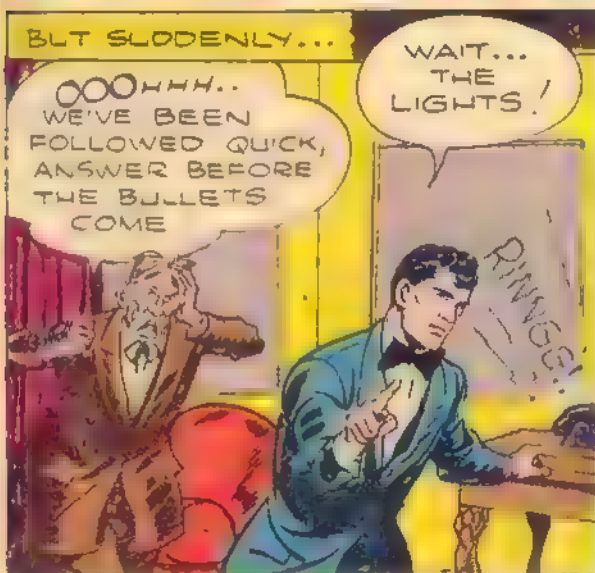
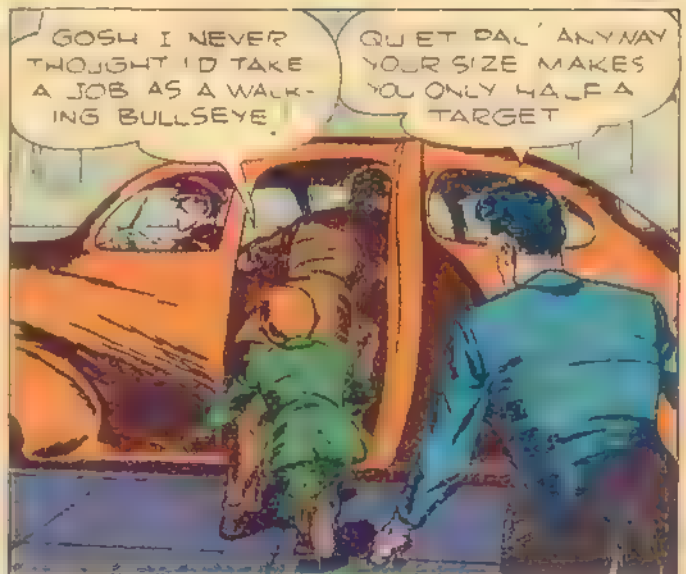
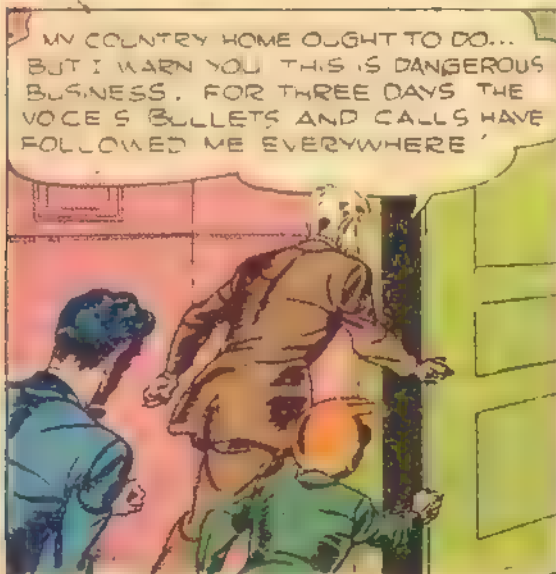
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
A Product of General Mills, Inc.



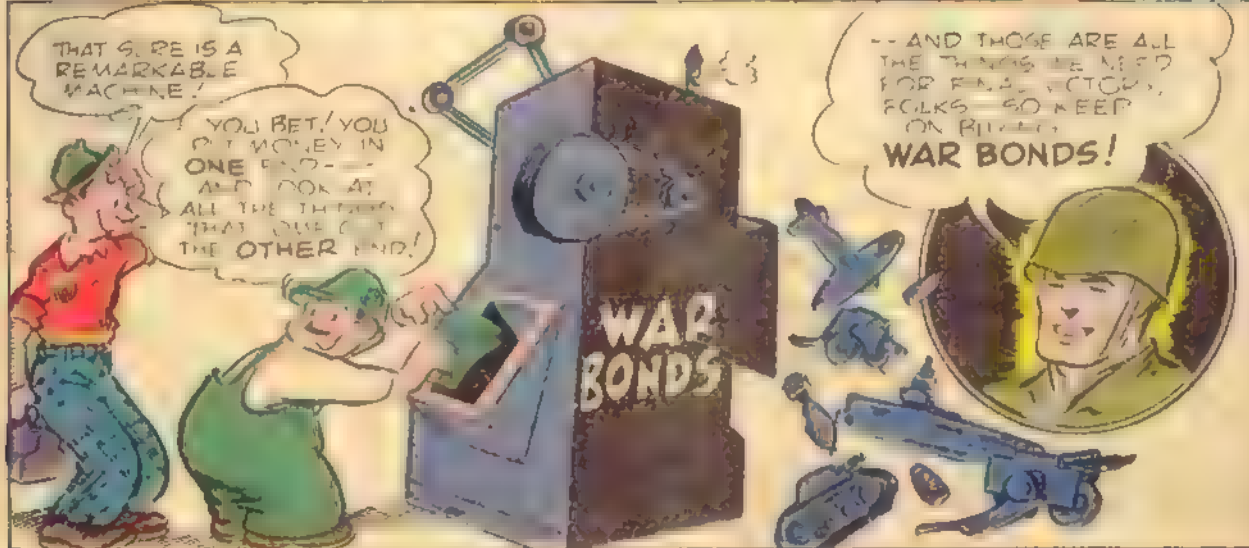
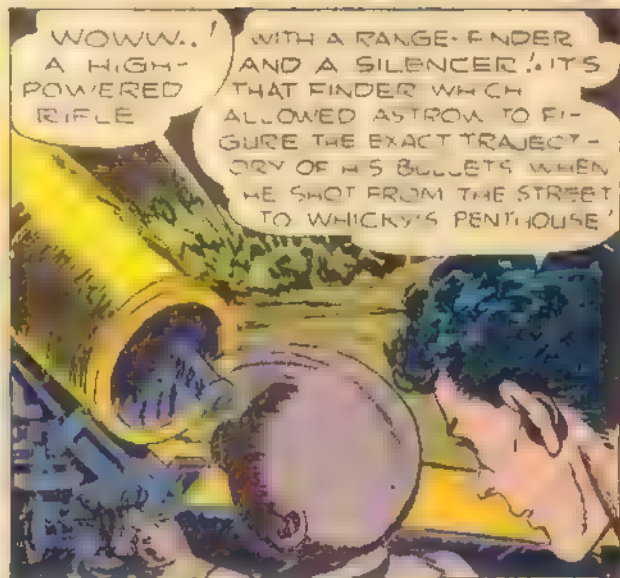


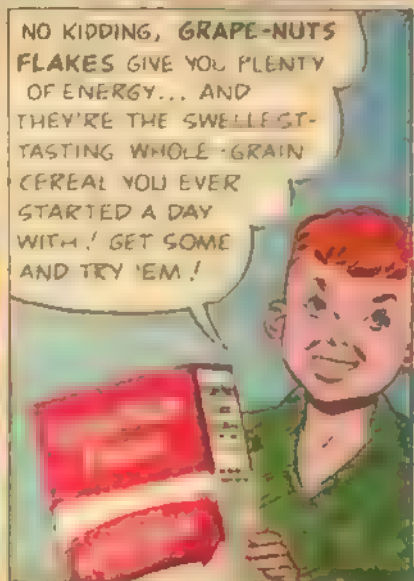
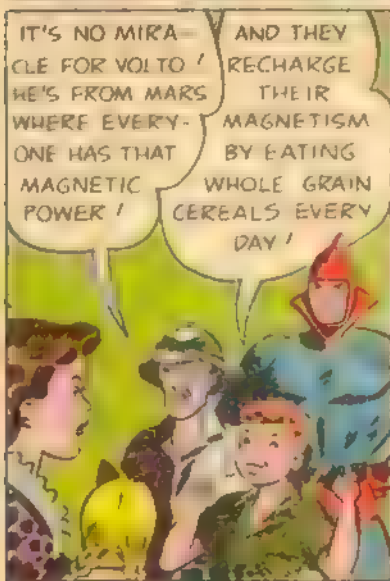
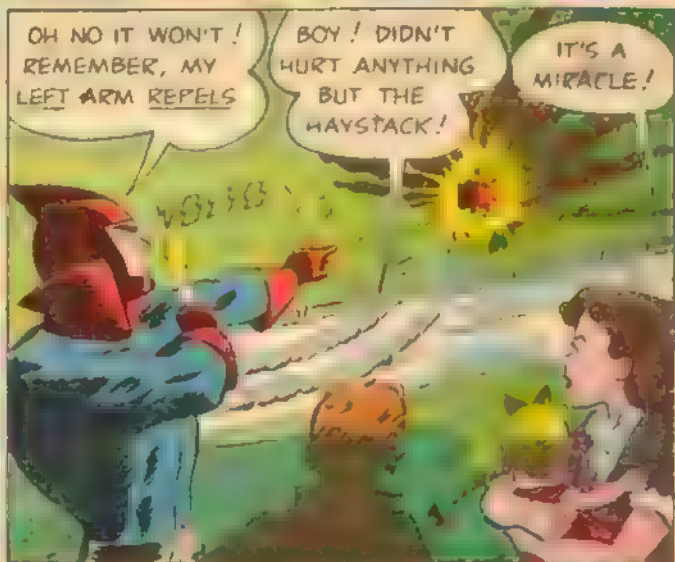
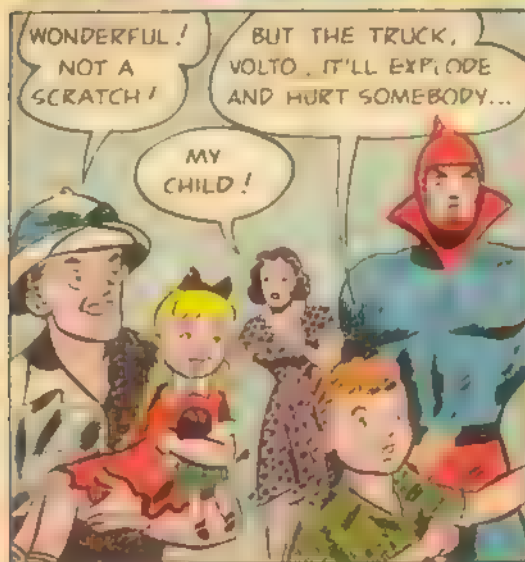
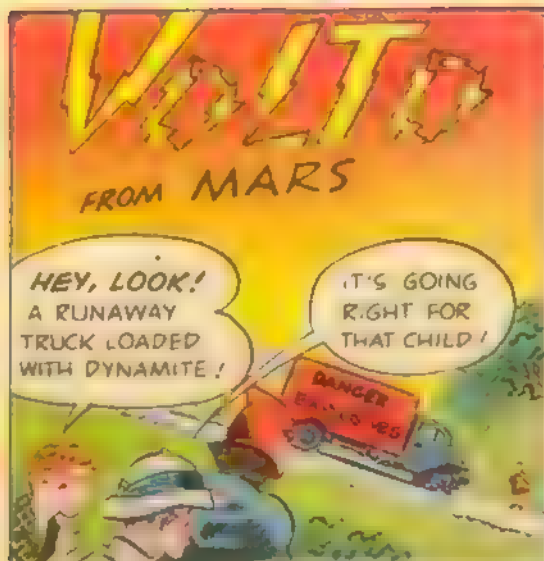




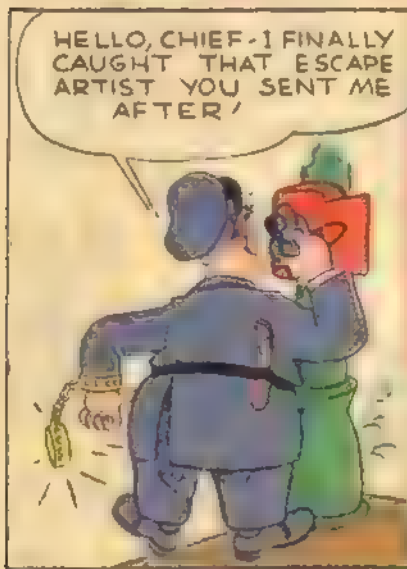
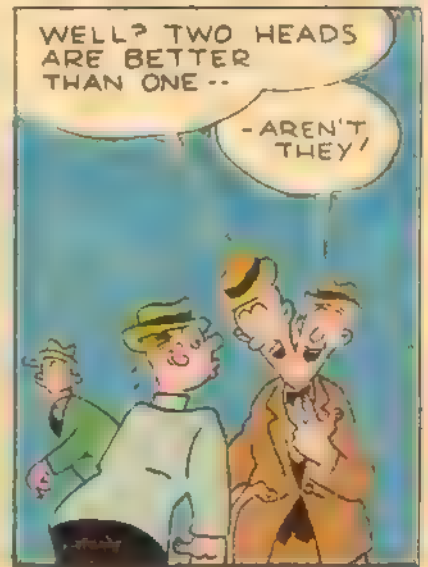
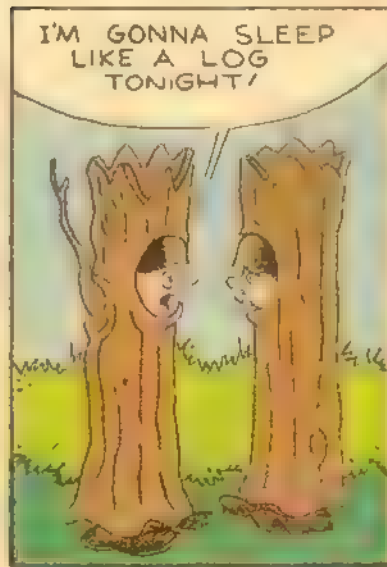




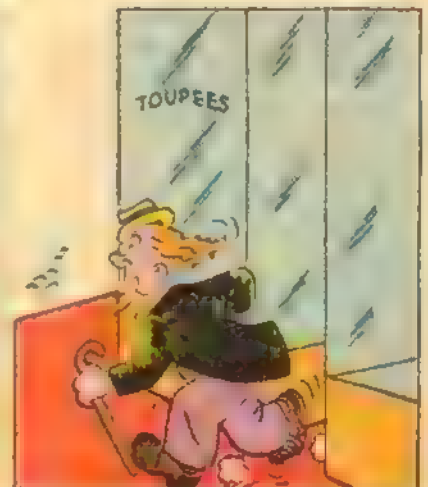
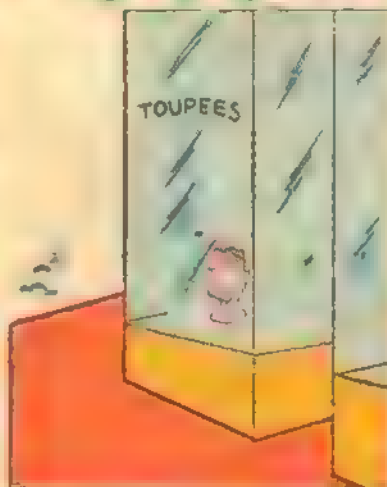
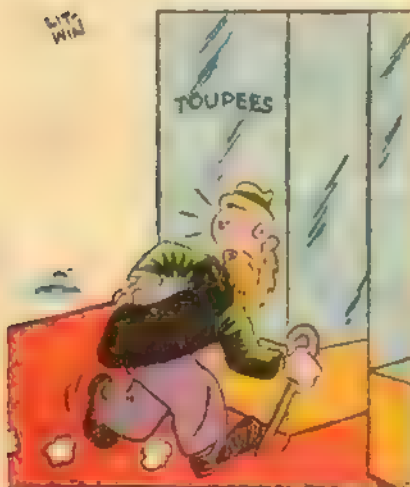




TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** BLUE NETWORK MON. THRU FRI.



'N' GIGGLES



TOO MUCH FOR GRANTED

by Eddie Bell

MEADE was one of those smart crooks. He looked smart too, and not a bit like a crook. He could easily have passed for a travelling sales man. As a matter of fact, that's what he was doing right now. To the people in the hotel who knew him people like the cigar clerk, the night desk clerk, and Clancy, the house detective, he was a salesman out for an order.

Too bad they didn't know just what kind of order he was seeking. It was a large order, the payroll for the defense plant.

He had been working on it for two weeks now. Things were about ready to pop, too. On the morrow, to be exact.

Meade was a lone wolf. He had figured out, a long time ago, that the best way to get along was to do a job alone. He had been pretty successful at it, too. A guy was smart to work in solitary.

Not that he kept to himself. Being a gregarious type, he believed making friends helped. So far it had, on almost all the jobs. He knew a couple of the policemen in town, a number of business men, and was quite a favorite, too, with little Charlie Barnes, the bellhop.

At heart Meade cared no more for Charlie than he did for the police. But he had learned everyone could help, and a little bellhop picked up a lot of helpful information, too.

Quite a few people in town would have been surprised to know how much Meade, the stickup man extraordinary, knew about them. These people would include, among others, Kramer, the bank guard, Wilson, the chief teller. Meade possessed some very valuable information, all passed along by young

Charlie, most unwittingly. For example, Meade knew where the alarm in the bank was located. He knew when Kramer went to lunch. He knew where Wilson kept his gun.

It was such trivia as this, when pieced together the Meade way, that had brought the holdup man so much success, and also brought a lot of perplexity to the brows of the authorities.

And who could suspect Meade? Now, he sat in the lobby, obviously a fairly successful salesman, chatting with young Charlie the bellhop, who was bemoaning the poor showing of the Giants. And in that same conversation, the bellhop revealed that on Tuesday, Timmins the cop on the beat around the bank, liked to sneak into the back of Garrity's saloon around two for a mess of corned beef and cabbage. It was the only tiny piece of information Meade needed to complete his pattern. The rest of the plan had been ready for weeks.

Meade yawned. "Well, think I'll go to bed, Charlie. Been a tough day. See you tomorrow, kid, I've got a lot to do."

Charlie said good-night and Meade moved upstairs. There, he laid out a plan of action. He knew the bank well, and particularly so the side door. It was through there that the armored guards brought the money, around one thirty. At five minutes to two, Timmins, the policeman, would leave his post where he had been watching the guards take in the cash, and go to Garrity's for the corned beef. Like as not, as Charlie the bellhop had revealed, the bank guard might sneak around, too. After all, the money was safe in the bank, and the institution had never suffered a holdup.

Meade smiled. There again he had been smart. Always pick a bank that's never been robbed. He bent over the diagrams on the writing table. Everything was just perfect. He had an uncanny eye for detail, and, on a bet, could have told you how many steps it took to reach the front door.

"A guy in my business," he always said, "has to be plenty careful. Take nothing for granted." The trouble with the other guys, they didn't plan well enough or long enough. Too many of them took things for granted, like, for instance, if that bank guard would fight back.

Meade didn't figure that way. He went on the premise that the guard would. Therefore, shoot the guard. Shoot the teller, too. But figure every second, so there'll be no slipup.

The chief teller had a room to himself for the payroll. That helped. The room wasn't guarded. The bank guard might stand around and might not. The bank figured once the money was inside the building everything was secured.

Meade grinned. "They take too much for granted," he murmured to himself.

He hadn't brought a car to this town. But he had one. He had bought it only the day before. It would be ready for delivery tomorrow morning, a fast, sleek vehicle for a getaway car. Naturally, he had given a phony name, even donned a false mustache.

He sighed, then yawned luxuriously. He'd get a good night's sleep. It paid for a guy to be refreshed on a tough job like this. But before he went to bed he cleaned and oiled his revolver carefully. "Always keep your gun in good firing condition," he had told Packy Wal-

lace two years ago. Packy had laughed. He wasn't laughing now. He was doing ten to twenty. His revolver hadn't gone off.

Morning found Meade refreshed and ready for action. He went downstairs, said a cheery good morning to young Charlie, who was bustling about. "What's the hurry, son?" he asked. "You got all day."

The boy grinned. "No, I haven't, Mr. Meade. Look." He held out a pasteboard. "It's a ticket for the game in New York day after tomorrow, a series ticket. I'm getting off this afternoon to go there." He laughed. "I'll bet you wish you were going."

"Yeah," said Meade. "I sure do. But I've got an important engagement. Might have to go out of town." He smiled. "Oh, take it easy, Charlie. I'll be back early next week."

"That's fine, Mr. Meade. We'd like to have you here as long as you can stay."

Ah, Meade felt good. Nothing like having friends. He fished in his wallet, brought out a five. "Here, Charlie," he said airily. "buy yourself some peanuts."

The boy's eyes widened, and he started to thank Meade profusely. "Skip it, kid," Meade said. "You earned it." Then he went in to breakfast. Right after that he set his timetable.

First the car. He got it. Then he drove out into the country, trying it out. Excellent. Slowly he drove back into town.

At one-thirty the armored truck came. The men brought in the money, then went away. Meade smiled. At 1:55 he saw Timmins, the cop, move away from the corner, heading for a sign. Garrity's Meade frowned as ten minutes passed. The bank guard obviously wasn't coming out. That was bad. Down the street, someone had button-holed Timmins, but now he was moving again. That was good. He was probably plenty hungry for that corned beef.

Meade slid the car around the corner to the bank's side

door. He'd work fast now. He edged out of his seat, then stiffened as he stood alongside the car, listening to the powerful purring of the motor. Someone had just called his name!

He whirled, breathed a sigh of relief. It was young Charlie, leaning out of the window of a parked bus. Meade's eyes noted the sign, "Railroad Station". Well, that was okay. The kid was just saying good-bye. He waved back and walked rapidly into the bank. Under his arm, in a specially-built holster, was his gun, equipped with silencer, another Meade stand-by.

Once inside the bank his movements were swift and sure. It took ten minutes, but they were fast and furious. When they were over, a chief teller lay wounded behind a maple-paneled door, too stunned to sound an alarm. The guard was nowhere in sight. Thought Meade satisfiedly. "He went out to join his friend, the cop, in that corned beef."

He was ready for the guard if such wasn't the case. He was glad he had used the silencer. Nobody had heard. And now, with thousands in cash, in his own briefcase, Meade moved rapidly toward the waiting car.

"Brrng!" He was right at the threshold when the alarm sounded. The chief teller had roused from his stupor, dragged himself to the foot button beneath the desk.

Meade's face hardened. They would never stop him now. Never. Nobody could stop him once he got in that car. Not even the gray-coated guard who suddenly loomed in the side door. Meade fired. The guard fell.

Meade, head down, leaped into the car. And right into the iron grip of Timmins, the policeman who was sitting in the driver's seat. Meade just gasped as the policeman's blow smashed into his face, lay there too surprised to understand what had happened.

"It was just a lucky break, Chief," Timmins explained later. "I am pounding my beat" (and here he was stretching the truth) "when little Charlie the bellhop leaps from a bus and tells me a friend of his has just bought a new car and doesn't understand he can't park around the side of the bank, and for me not to give him a ticket."

"You see, Chief, the guard is out to lunch, otherwise he'd have made this holdup man move on. But little Charlie is such a nice kid I decide to do him a favor and move the car down a ways myself. And lo and behold, into me brawny arms pops this small town crook!"

Timmins shook his head. "I can't understand crooks, Chief," he said. "They think we cops are dumb and they're so smart. You know, I think they take too much for granted."

You tell it to
SOMEONE
who repeats it to
SOMEONE
who's overheard by
SOMEONE
in Axis pay, so
SOMEONE
you know . . . may die!

Office of
War Information
Washington, D. C.



THREE-RING BINKS

BOOKING-AGENT DE LUXE
FOR ALL AND SUNDRY HEADLINE
ACTS, SUPPLYING TALENT FOR
MEDICINE SHOWS, CARNIVALS,
CIRCUSES, OR WHAT HAVE YOU?

BROTHER BINKS, MEET ROVERIALTO -
THE FASTEST, CLEAREST, LOUDEST, SMARTEST,
NEATEST, CUTEST, TALKINGEST TALKING DOG
IN SHOW BUSINESS - THIS POOCH CAN
ACTUALLY COUNT- OUT LOUD - FROM ONE
TO TWEN'NY FIVE AND BACK AGAIN. HE
ALSO ADDS, SUBTRACTS, MULTIPLES AND
DIVIDES LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS. RIGHT
NOW I'M DICKERIN' WITH FOUR SPON. ORS
WHO WANNA TIE HIM UP FOR A RALO
BROADCAST - HOWZABOUT STITCHING
ME WITH A CONTRACT? - GIVE OUT WITH
A SAMPLE OF YOUR STUFF, ROVERIALTO!

HEH-HEH-HEH! SO
YOU THINK THAT PUNY
PACKAGE OF DOG-CATCHER'S
BAT CAN GO TO TOWN
WITH THE VOCALS, EH?
JUST SIDDOWN AND RUN A
SLIGHT TEMPERATURE CHJM,
WHILE I TELL YOU ABOUT
'FIDO THE GABBER'
A PURP THAT COULDA
WROTE A BOOK. LISTEN...

ONE--!
YAP-TWO!
RR-THREE!
YIP-FOUR!

CANNE
COOKIES

ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO, I'M OUT WITH
A HOP-SKIP-AND-JUMP ONE N GHT-
STAND CARNIVAL-WE'RE PLAYING A
RINKY-DINK WH STLE-STOP OUT N THE
BUSH COUNTRY AND ONE NIGHT I DROP
INTO A SIDE ROAD COFFEE MILL TO GET MY
BED-TIME JAVIA WHEN SOMEONE YELLS OUT...

I TURN QUICK - I KNOW THERE'S NO ONE
ELSE BUT ME AND THE COOK IN THE
PLACE - AND HE'S ASLEEP. AND THEN I SPY
A LITTLE OL HOUN DOG WITH HIS
HEAD N THE DOOR.

TODAY'S
SPECIAL
TOMATO
SURPRISE
(NO TOMATOES)
30¢

HEY! HAS
ANYONE HERE
SEEN JOE?

WELL BY
THE SHADES
OF ALL THE
BARNUM AND
BAILEYS!

COME ON, SNAP
INTO IT - DID
YOU OR DIDN'T YOU
SEE MY JOE?

AT FIRST I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS, EYES OR NOSE - I KNEW IT COULDN'T BE THE BACKWOODS COFFEE DOIN' THINGS TO ME - I'M A MAN OF THE WORLD, I AM, BUT THIS - BOY, IT FLOORED ME COMPLETELY.

THEN IN WALKED JOE -

WELL, I SEE I'M JUST GETTING A WHOLE LOT OF 'NO SENSE' OUT OF YOU, PAL - SO I'LL BE SHOVING OFF!

WELL, HULLO, HULLO, HULLO! THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO GO TELL THE BOSS AT THE CAR BARNS I WASN'T COMIN' TO WORK TONIGHT?

I DID, JOE, AND HE SAID TO TELL YOU YOU'RE NOT WORKIN' THERE TOMORROW NITE, OR ANY OTHER NITE AFTER THAT, E THER!

AT THAT, I STRUCK UP CONVERSING WITH THIS GUY JOE. I OFFERED HIM, (WITH THE PURP THROWN IN) A JOB WITH OUR TROUPEING CARNIVAL OF TROUBADOURS. HE TOLD ME HIS HISTORY AND SIGNED ON THE DOTTED LINE AT ONCE...

WE OPENED THE ACT IN THE VERY NEXT TOWN GIVING 'FIDO THE GABBER' TOP BILLING AND D'D A STAND-UP SELL-OUT BUSNESS.

YEAH, FIDO HERE, HAD A SLIGHT OPERATION ON HIS THROAT WHEN HE WAS JUST A TINY PUP AND IT LEFT HIM WITH A GIFT OF GAB. SOMETIMES I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM.

WOW!... THAT PURP'S COLOSSAL!

MOST OF THE TIME I FEEL SORRY FOR BOTH OF US.

ALONZO, THAT HOUND IS TOO SMART TO BE HUMAN.

IF Y'AST ME I THINK IT'S DONE WITH SOUND EFFECTS, OR COULD THAT GUY BE MAYBE A VENT-TRILLY-QUIST, OR SOMETHIN'?

WELL, SIR FROM ONE NITE STANDS WE JUMPED RIGHT UP TO ONE AND TWO-WEEK STANDS - THE PUBLIC COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF OUR TALKING DOG STAR - SOMETIMES WE DID THREE AND FOUR SHOWS A DAY...

THEN WE NOTICED THAT OUR PET HEADLINER WAS SPENDING EVERY SINGLE SPARE MOMENT WITH 'PHILBERT THE PSYCHIC'; OUR MIND READING ACT - WE WONDERED WHY AND BEGAN TO WORRY.

THERE GOES OUR PEDIGREED PRIMA DONNA INTO THE PSYCHIC'S TENT AGAIN, AMBROSE. I WONDER WHAT'S COOKIN'?

...AND NOW, FOLKS, AS 'S MY CUSTOM I'LL DEVOTE THE LAST 15 MINUTES OF MY ACT TO GIVIN' ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN FIRST QUESTION, PLEASE!

NOT GIVING YOU A QUICK ANSWER, BOSS, IT RIDDLES ME WIT OUT ANY ANSWER!

LO, PAL!

BUT OUR WORRIES PROVED TO BE A WASTE OF TIME - A FEW WEEKS LATER, PHILBERT ELOPED WITH ANNA CONDER OUR SNAKE CHARMER AND QUIT THE SHOW. FIDO IN THAT SHORT TIME HAD LEARNED MIND-READING INSIDE OUT - AND TOOK OVER PHILBERT'S JOB...

A CERTAIN J.L.B. WANTS TO KNOW IF D.O.T. WILL GO TO L.A. WITH N.T.M. - THE ANSWER IS 'NO' - D.O.T. WILL GO TO K.C. WITH V.N.B.!!

OH, THE WOLF!!

IN NO TIME AT ALL HE BECAME SO PROFICIENT IN THIS ANCIENT ART THAT HE WAS GIVING PRIVATE READINGS TO A SELECT CLIENTELE (FOR HEAVY FEES) FAR INTO EVERY NIGHT - JOE BEING THE BANKER...

NO CROWDING, FOLKS - THE 'MASTER MIND' WILL ANSWER ALL OF YOUR QUESTIONS - ONE AT A TIME - NO CROWDING, P-P-LEASE!

SOON, JOE, WITH THIS BIG SPLASH OF NEW AND UNEXPECTED FOLDING MONEY, REVERTED TO TYPE AND WENT ALL OUT FOR THE BETTER THINGS IN LIFE.

PAL, PUT ME DOWN FOR TWO OF THOSE 80 FT. PLEASURE YACHTS - A PAIR OF ROLLS-ROYCE LIMMIES, AND A HELICOPTER, HERE'S THE CASH!!

Y-YESSIR -- BUT IMMEDIATELY!!

NEXT, HE GOT SO UPPITY HE WANTED HALF OF THE GATE OR ELSE - I HAD TO GIVE IN TO HIM...

CAN I HELP IT IF MY 'ACT' HAS GOT \$1,000,000,000 WORTH OF BOX-OFFICE OOMPH? - THEM'S MY TERMS, PAPPY - AND I EITHER GET 'EM OR WE'RE 'CHECKING OUT'!

AW-W-W-B-BUT JOE - !

THAT WINTER WE PUT THE SHOW IN STORAGE FOR THREE MONTHS ON ACCOUNT OF BAD TRAVEL CONDITIONS - I LEARNED THAT JOE WAS TAKING MY STAR PERFORMER, FIDO, TO A PRIVATE TUTOR FOR HIGHER EDUCATION -

NOW I GET IT, PROFFO - WHEN URANUS IS IN ITS ASCENDANCY, IT IS IN HARMONIOUS VIBRATIONS WITH VENUS AND LIBRA - PROVIDING THE CUSP OF THE MOON IS TILTED...

YOU'RE DOUBLY RIGHT!

WE OPENED EARLY THE NEXT SPRING, BUT I COULD READILY SEE THAT THEY HAD GOT THEIR COME-UPPANCE AND AFTER THE VERY FIRST SHOW JOE WANTED A SHOW-DOWN WORDED EXACTLY LIKE THIS--

YOU CAN HAVE US IF WE GET SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT OF THE BOX-OFFICE -- OR ELSE!!

B-BUT, JOE - THAT'S MUTINY!

I KNEW IT COULDN'T LAST, AND IT DIDN'T -- BY THIS TIME, JOE HAD BANKED SO MUCH OF THAT CERTIFIED STUFF THAT WE WERE TALKING DIFFERENT LANGUAGES....

-- AND THEN OUT OF A CLEAR SKY, JOE CAME THROUGH WITH THIS --

JOE, I CAN'T GO ON ANY FURTHER -- AFTER TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE I'M PUTTING THE SHOW IN CAMPHOR FOR KEEPS -- I'M ALL WASHED UP, SONNY BOY!

SEZ YOU!

PAPPY BINKS, YOU PUT ME WHERE I AM TO-DAY, SIR -- I'VE BEEN ONLY CLOWNING -- YOU'VE BEEN MR. CIRCUS ALL YOUR LIFE AND YOU ALWAYS WILL BE -- I'VE GOT SOMETHING OUTSIDE WAITIN' FOR YOU, SIR --

WITH THAT HE TOOK ME OUTSIDE AND SHOWED ME A THREE-TENT SHOW WITH A FULL-STOCKED MENAGERIE -- MIDWAY-FREAK SHOW AND ALL THE TRIMMINGS COMPLETE -- THEN HE SAID --

IT'S ALL BOUGHT 'N PAID FOR, AN' IT'S OUR GIFT TO YOU OUT OF GRATITUDE, SIR. TAKE OVER AT ONCE -- IT'S ALL YOURS -- SO LONG NOW!!

WELL, SO THEY QUIT SHOW BUSINESS COLD, EH? SO WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?

NOW? WHY THEY'RE DOING BETTER THAN EVER NOW, I HEAR, BETTER THAN EVER --

YOU SEE...

THAT PRIVATE TUTOR JOE TOOK FIDO TO WAS A TOP-FLIGHT ASTROLOGER -- IN THREE MONTHS HE TAUGHT THE PURP ASTROLOGY FROM A TO Z AND BACK AGAIN -- NOW JOE IS DOIN' A LAND OFFICE CLEAN UP, FROM THE PURP'S CHART READINGS ON TO-MORROW'S RACETRACK WINNERS, THE STOCK MARKET, OR WHAT HAVE YOU? SO IT ALL TURNED OUT...

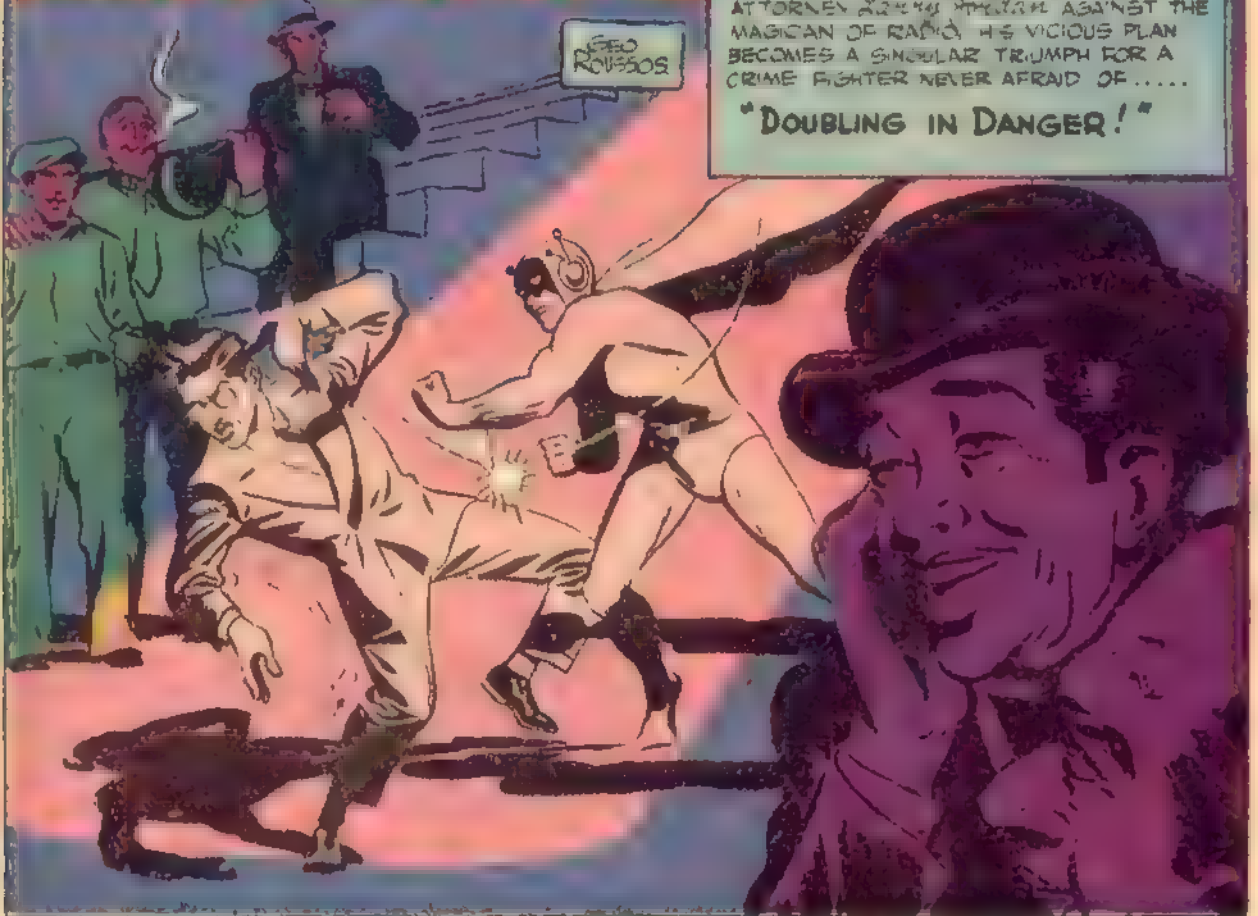
HEY, CHUM! HEH-HEH-HEH! WHERE Y'HEADIN'?

ME? -- I'M QUITTIN' SHOW BUSINESS, TOO -- AND I'M GETTIN' ME A SINGING MULE THAT CAN READ YOUR PALM -- OR SOMETHIN' -- SO-O LONG!

AIR WAVE

THE REAL IDENTITY OF *Air Wave* WIZARD OF WIRELESS IS SUCH A CLOSE SECRET THAT NO ONE HAS EVEN COME CLOSE TO THE TRUTH! AND WHEN ONE OF THE MOST CLEVER CRIMINALS EVER TO DIVIDE A MAN FROM HIS WEALTH, TRIES TO SET DISTRICT ATTORNEY JIMMY SPYGLASS AGAINST THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO, HIS VICIOUS PLAN BECOMES A SINGULAR TRIUMPH FOR A CRIME FIGHTER NEVER AFRAID OF.....

"DOUBLING IN DANGER!"



EVENING IN A DINGY HIDEOUT... AND A STRANGE SIGHT GREET'S OUR EYES...

HERE'S THE DOUGH I PROMISED YA! PLEASE DON'T FRAME ME—DON'T SEND ME TO JAIL!

DON'T WORRY, THE MONEYS ALL I CARE FOR! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU!



AN INCREDIBLE OCCURENCE YOU SAY? YOU'RE SURE THAT

Air Wave WOULD NEVER ACCEPT A BRIBE? WELL, FOR SOME PEOPLE, SEEING IS BELIEVING AND TO UNDERSTAND JUST WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK A FEW HOURS.....



NO DINGY HIDE-OUT THIS BUT A LUXURIOUS HEAD-QUARTERS FOR CRIME AND NOT A WORRIED EXECUTIVE OF EVIL PLANS HIS FUTURE MOVE.

SUPPO WERE NA SPOT AIR WAVE S PLANNING UP ONE OF OUR MEN AFTER ANOTHER

NEAR BUT HE AN TON TO YOU. HOW HE THINKS EVERYBODY ELSE THAT NO HE JUST A RESPECTABLE BUSINESS MAN

JOINTED GIPPO BUT HOW LONG BEFORE HE REALIZES THAT CAN BE BOSS OF THE ENTIRE CITY? REMEMBER THAT CONCENTRATED BANK ROBBERY

STATE BUT THE BANK FOR THE TRAIL AND HERE

THAT'S THE WAY FOR AIR WAVE TO ACT BUT I GOT AN IDEA NOW ABOUT US GON AFTER AIR WAVE?

AIR WAVE IS OUR BIGGEST WORRY BUT THE ONLY ARMY JORDAN IS THE ONE WHO LEADS OUR BOYS TO THE RIVER. IF LEATHER, THEY GO ON BUT I WOULD SET THEM AGAINST EACH OTHER.

I WILL NOT LET THEM COME THERE UNFOLD

I CAN W JORDAN HAS A DREAM TO WIN IT A AND I WERE ANYTHING HE CAN STAND TO DISH OUT IN A OTHER. I WOULD ASK HIM CHANCE HE THAT AIR WAVE IS DRAWING OUR KIDS HIM I THINK I CAN

So Later

JORDAN I'VE HEARD SOME VERY BAD WORDS ABOUT AIR WAVE! I WON'T SAY ANYTHING MORE BUT IF YOU'LL COME WITH ME YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF

YOU THINK AIR WAVE IS DISHONEST AND SEE ME RECKONING I'LL COME ALONG

AND LATER, AT THE GANG HIDEOUT

WELL THERE NO R DRIVE DON'T N THAT ROOM MR JORDAN

SO HE'S GOING TO PROVE TO ME THAT AIR WAVE IS A LUCKY YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN BE A READER OR KNOW THAT AIR WAVE AND I ARE THE SAME PERSON!

OHAY AIR
WAVE. HERE'S
DA BOUGH
WE PROMISED
IA FER NOT
FRANIN US
ON DAT
CON-SOLIDATED
BANK
CASE

ALL RIGHT PETE
INNOCENT OR NOT
T MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE TO ME
AS LONG AS YOU
PAY UP I TAKED
ENOUGH EX DENCE
ON YOU TO SEND
YOU OUT FOR A
LONG LONG TIME!



WHY WASTE THE
CASE HEADQUARTERS
HAS BEEN WORKING
ON FOR THE LAST TWO
WEEKS! SOMEHOW
THEY'RE WAITING FOR
MY BENEFIT



TO THINK
THAT AIR
WAVE WOULD
DO A THING
LIKE THAT

YES I
WOULDN'T
HAVE BELIEVED
T MYSELF
IF I HADN'T
SEEN IT WITH
MY OWN EYES!



HEY
TAKEN
EASY!

I'M GOING
TO HAVE A
SHOWDOWN
WITH THAT
FELLOW!



YOU
DOUBLE-
CROSSING
RAT!



LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE
JORDAN?

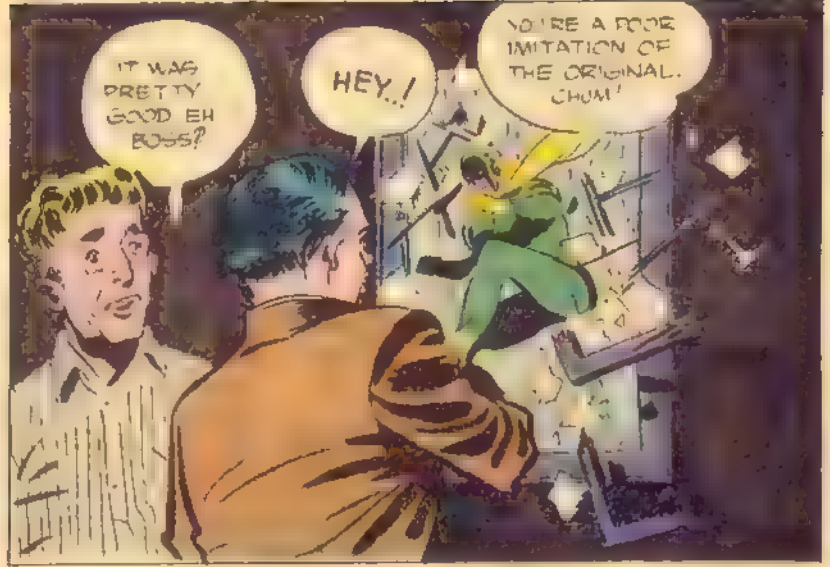
AAAAH
HERES WHERE I
DO A LITTLE
PRETENDING OUT
TO FIND OUT WHAT
THEY WAME
IS

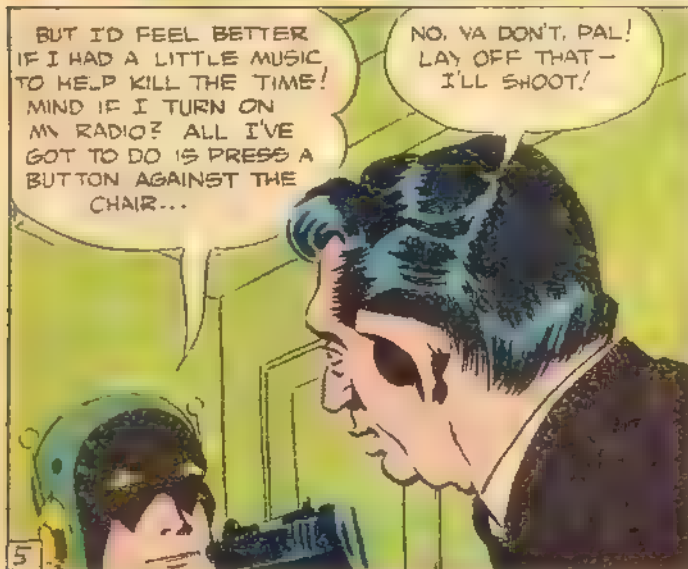
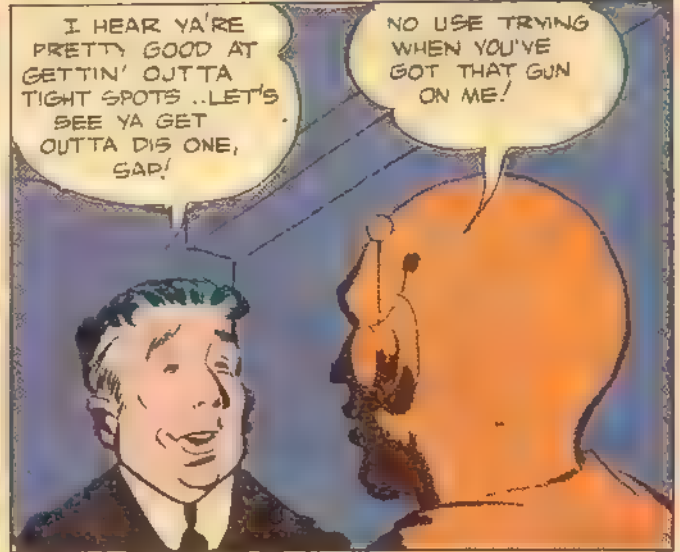
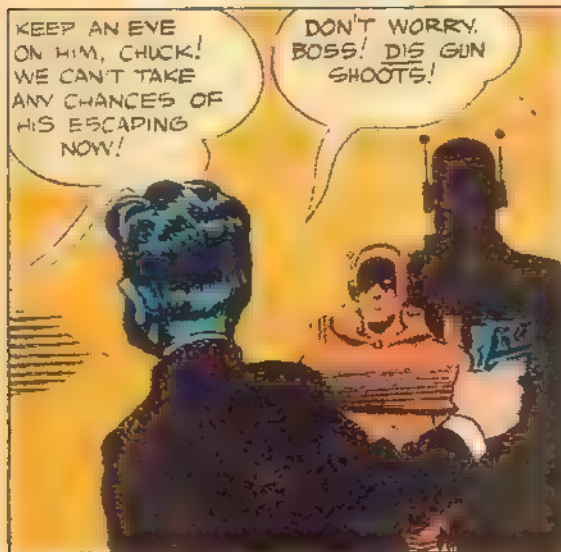
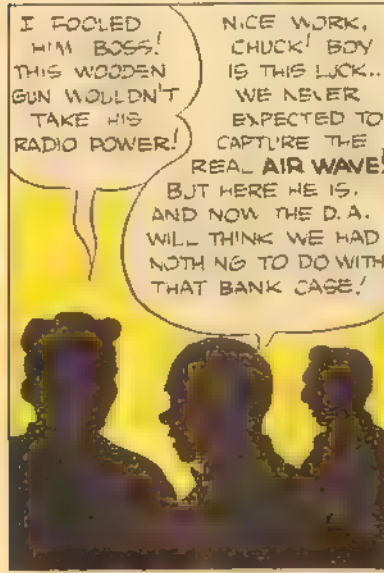
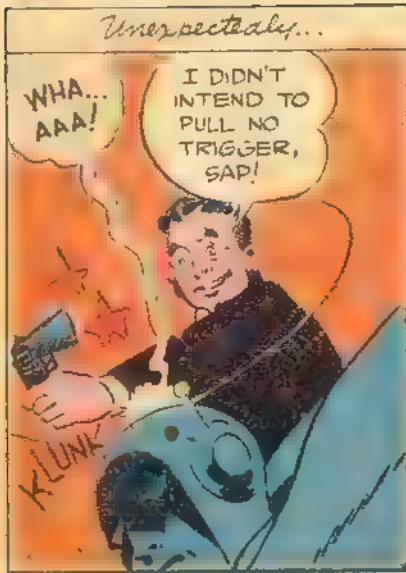


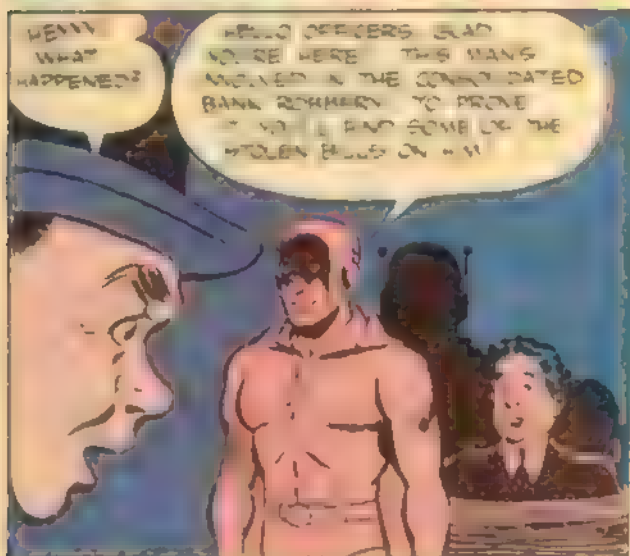
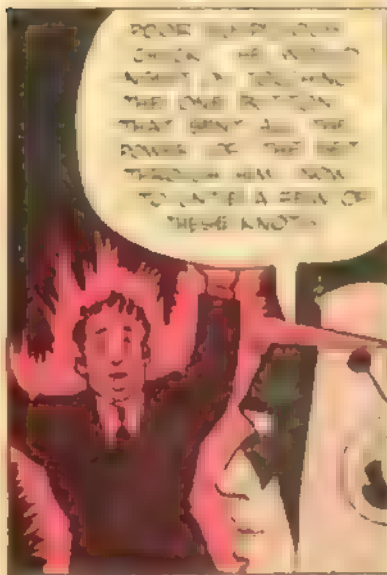
YOU SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN BETTER
THAN TO TANGLE
ALONE WITH AIR
WAVE, JORDAN.
HE GOT AWAY
WITHOUT ANY
TROUBLE

UGH...YES, YES
TOO TOUGH FOR
ME BUT I'LL
GET HIM YET!









SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER

12 FLYING MODELS



AUTHENTIC MODELS
Over 9" Wing Spread
Hollow Fuselage
Recognition Silhouette

U.S. Thunderbolt
Hollow P-47

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Russian Yak-26



German Focke-Wulf 190



Jap Nakajima
G1 MK-1



U.S. Thunderbolt
P-47



German Heinkel 113



Jap Zero



U.S. Airacobra
P-39



U.S. Curtiss P-40



Russian Stormovik Il-3



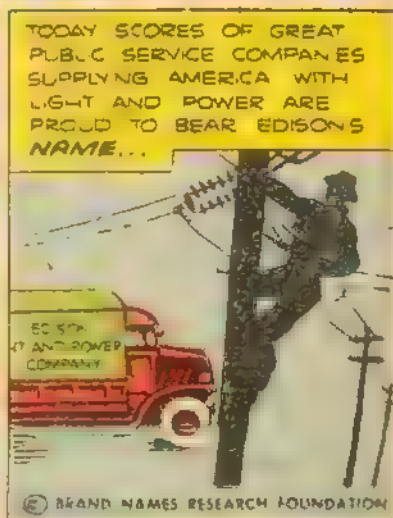
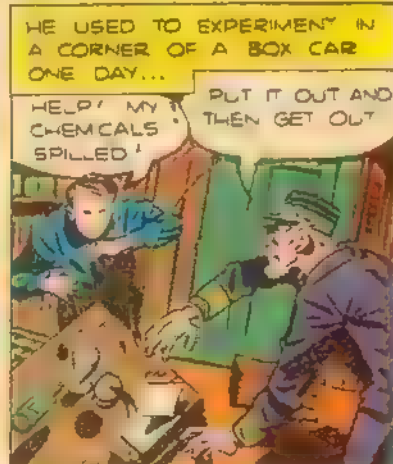
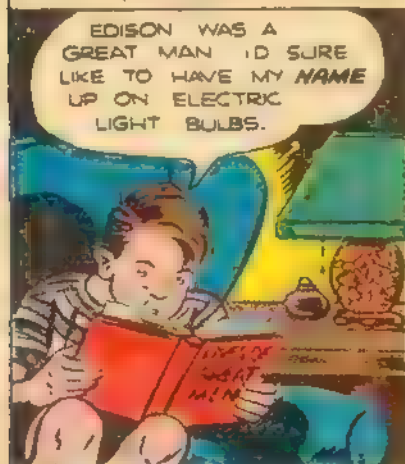
British Supermarine
Spitfire V



British F4U Corsair

BILLY BRAND

STORIES BEHIND FAMOUS AMERICAN NAMES





in

"HE SWINGS
THROUGH THE AIR!"

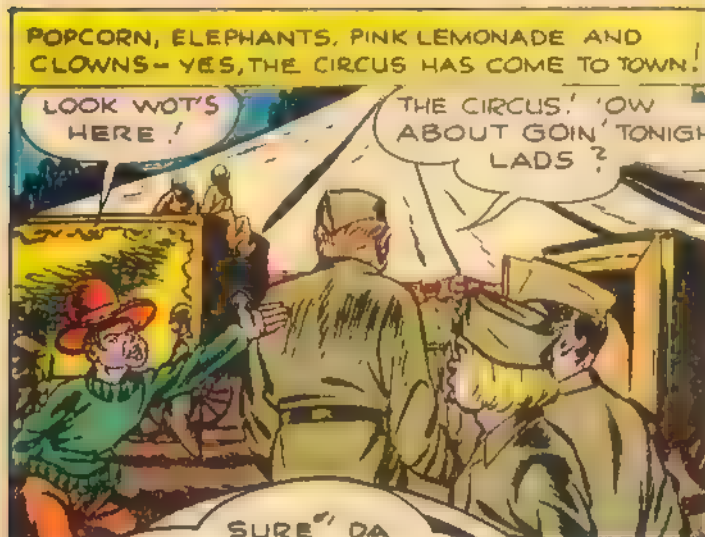
ORDER OF THE DAY:

Tonight we
relax, kids—
but keep your
eyes open for
trouble! A
Commando
is always on
guard!

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

THE HIDDEN TALENTS OF BROOKLYN ARE A NEVER-ENDING SURPRISE! AND WHEN A GROUP OF SPIES WORKS OUT A CLEVER METHOD OF COVERING UP DIRTY WORK, BROOKLYN STEPS INTO THE ARENA TO GIVE A HILARIOUS PERFORMANCE... WITH DEATH ITSELF SITTING ON HIS SHOULDER! BUT THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME THE BATTLING BOY COMMANDOS AND THEIR LEADER, CAPTAIN RIP CARTER, HAVE FACED DANGER! SO TURN THE PAGE AND LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

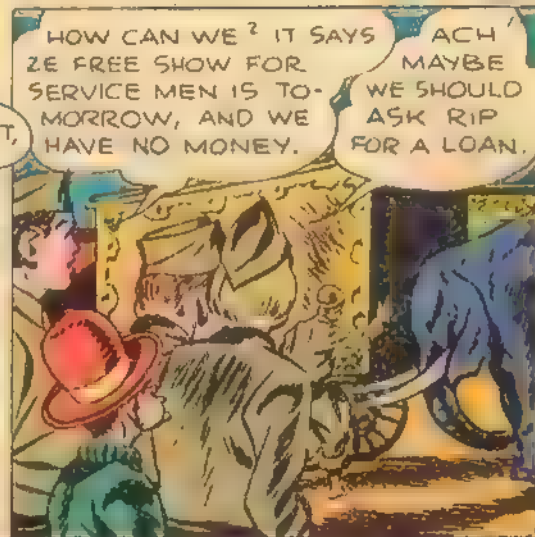
BY
JOE
SIMON
and
JACK
KIRBY



POPCORN, ELEPHANTS, PINK LEMONADE AND CLOWNS - YES, THE CIRCUS HAS COME TO TOWN!

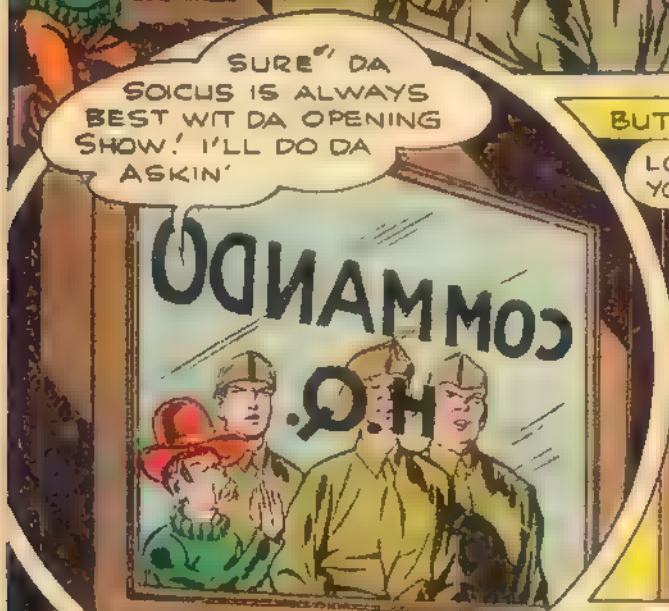
LOOK WOT'S HERE!

THE CIRCUS! 'OW ABOUT GOIN' TONIGHT, LADS?



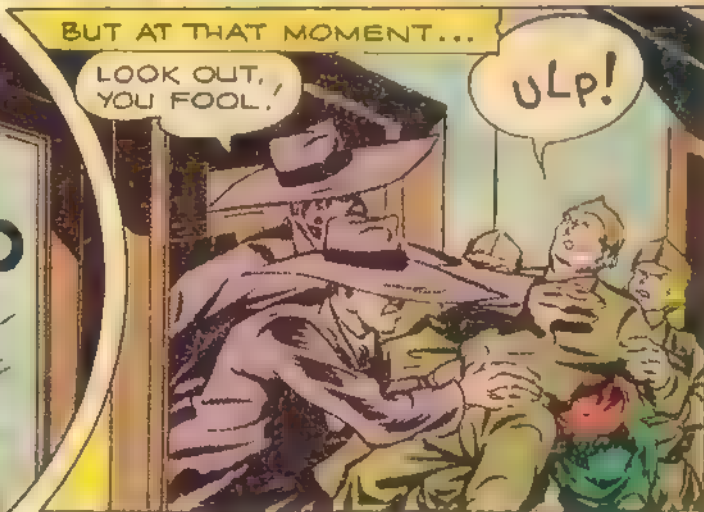
HOW CAN WE? IT SAYS ZE FREE SHOW FOR SERVICE MEN IS TOMORROW, AND WE HAVE NO MONEY.

ACH! MAYBE WE SHOULD ASK RIP FOR A LOAN.



SURE! DA SOICUS IS ALWAYS BEST WIT DA OPENING SHOW! I'LL DO DA ASKIN'

COMMANDO .Q.H.



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

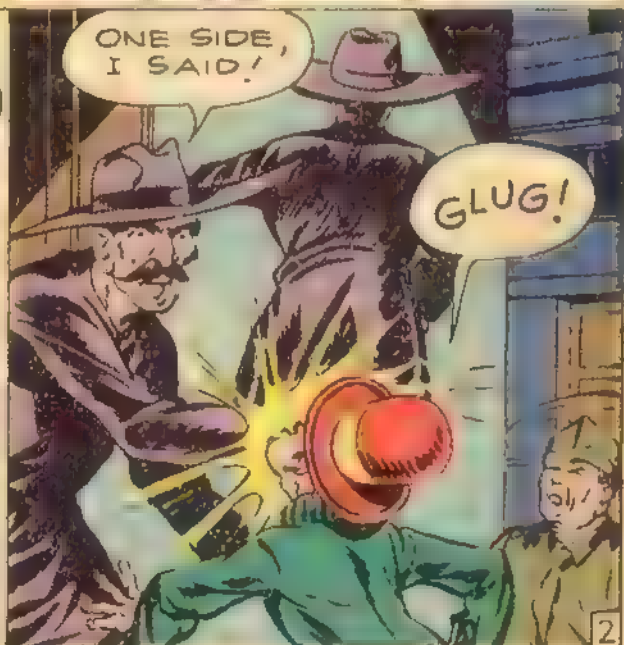
LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL!

ULP!



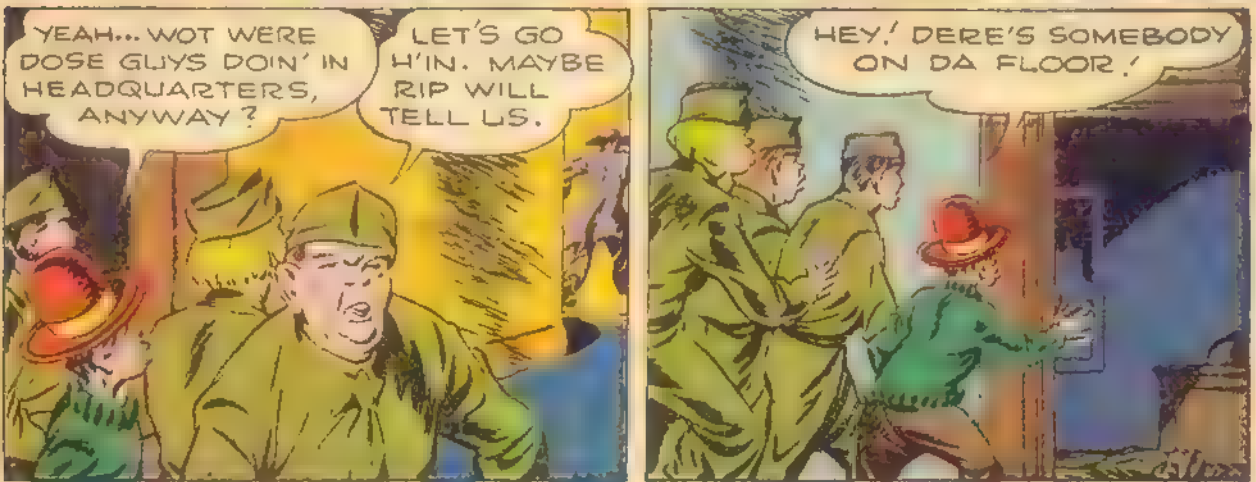
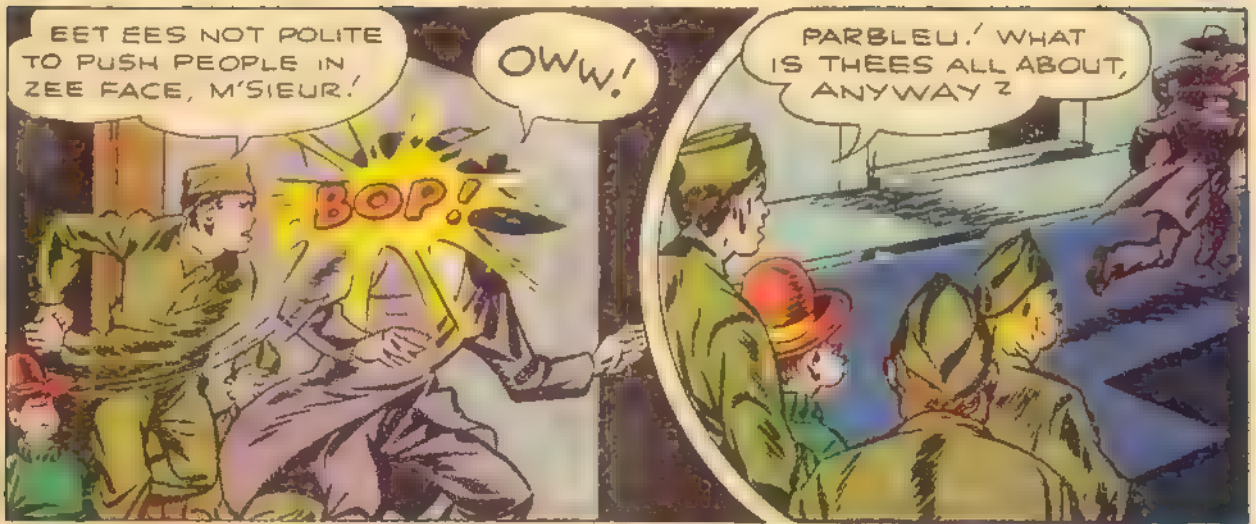
HEY! YOUSE GUYS SHOULD LOIN SOME MANNERS! I GOT A MIND TO BUST YA IN DA TEETH.

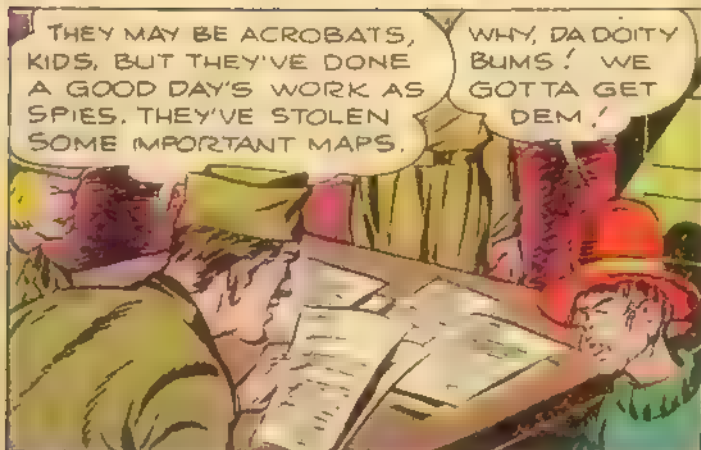
LET GO, KID! I'M IN A HURRY!



ONE SIDE, I SAID!

GLUG!





THEY MAY BE ACROBATS, KIDS, BUT THEY'VE DONE A GOOD DAY'S WORK AS SPIES. THEY'VE STOLEN SOME IMPORTANT MAPS.

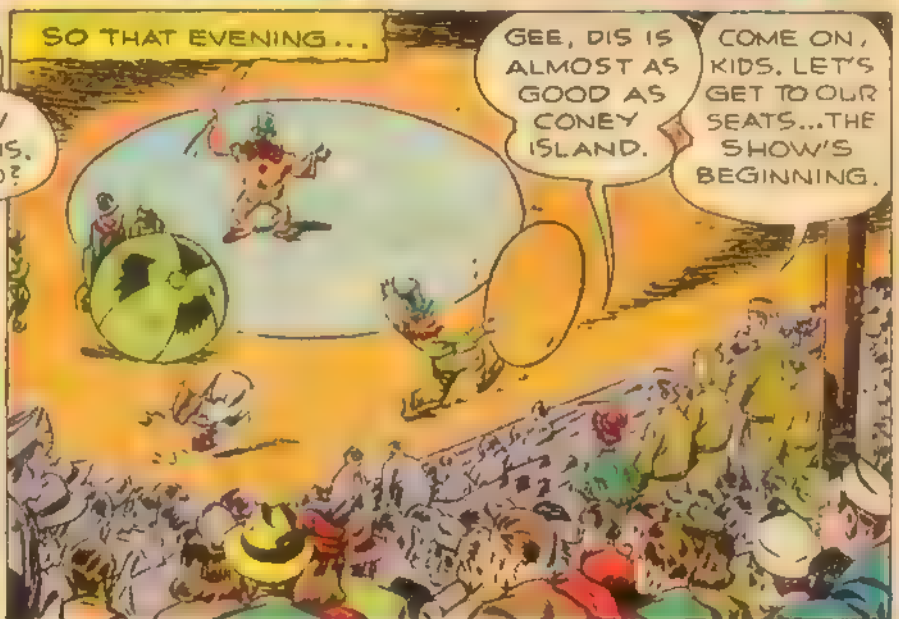
WHY, DA DOITY BUMS! WE GOTTA GET DEM!



I'M AFRAID ALL WE CAN DO RIGHT NOW IS REPORT THE INCIDENT TO HEADQUARTERS.



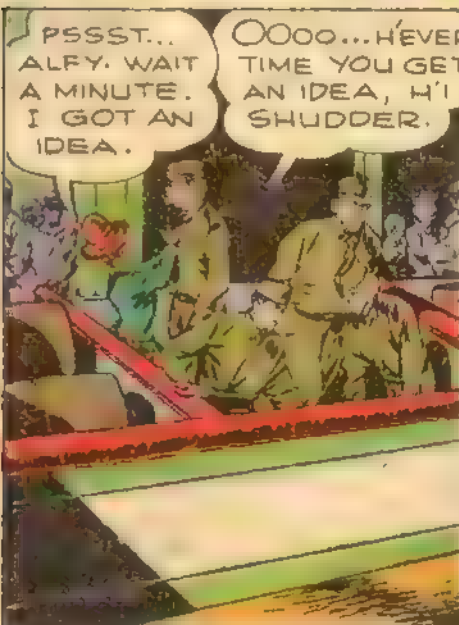
BY THE WAY, KIDS, I ALMOST FORGOT. I'VE GOT A BOX FOR TONIGHT'S SHOW AT THE CIRCUS. LIKE TO GO?



SO THAT EVENING...

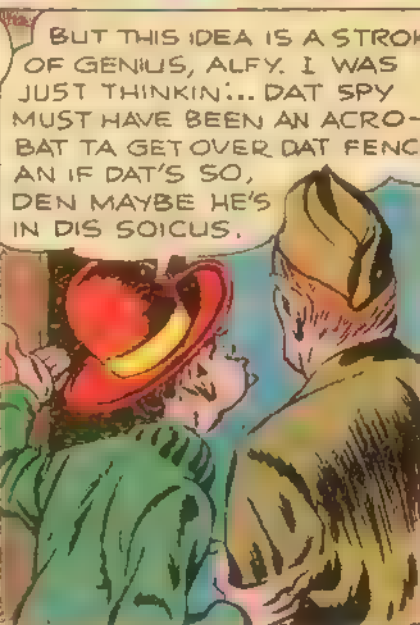
GEE, DIS IS ALMOST AS GOOD AS CONEY ISLAND.

COME ON, KIDS. LET'S GET TO OUR SEATS...THE SHOW'S BEGINNING.



PSSST... ALFY. WAIT A MINUTE. I GOT AN IDEA.

OOOO...H'EVERY TIME YOU GET AN IDEA, H'I SHUDDER.



BUT THIS IDEA IS A STROKE OF GENIUS, ALFY. I WAS JUST THINKIN'... DAT SPY MUST HAVE BEEN AN ACROBAT TA GET OVER DAT FENCE. AN IF DAT'S SO, DEN MAYBE HE'S IN DIS SOICUS.



SO WHEN DA LIGHTS GO OUT, YOU AN' ME IS GONNA SLIP OUT AN'SNOOP AROUND DIS JOINT.

BLIMEY, H'IT'S WORTH A TRY!

A BLAST FROM A HUNDRED TRUMPETS! THE BAND STRIKES UP! AND THE SHOW BEGINS WITH A GREAT PARADE!

WELL KIDS, GET SET FOR A BIG SHOW!

HMM... I GOT A HUNCH DIS IS GONNA BE A BIGGER SHOW DAN RIP FIGURES ON.



SHSHSHSH...

DA FOIST PLACE WE GOTTA SNOOP IS DAT TENT WHERE DA ACROBATS DRESS

DERE GOES A GUY N DEM WINTER UNDERCLOTHES. LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HIS TENT!

H'OKAY...



'KARL IS A FOOL, DER BOY COMMANDOS HAF SEEN HIS FACE UND VILL RECOGNIZE HIM IF DEY ARE MIT DER AUDIENCE TONIGHT

SHSHSH... DAT'S HIM, ALFIE!

BLIMEY!

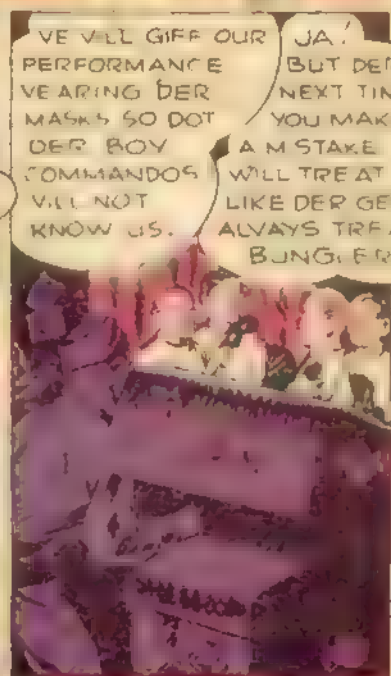
VE VILL GIFF OUR PERFORMANCE VEARING DER MASKS SO DOT DER BOY COMMANDOS VILL NOT KNOW US.

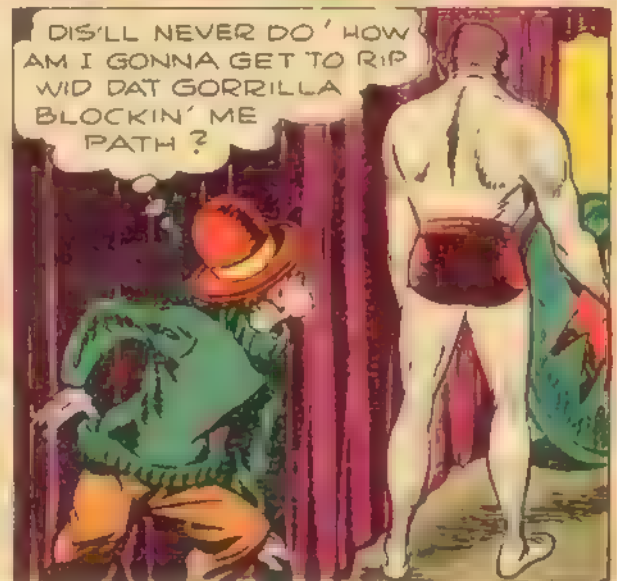
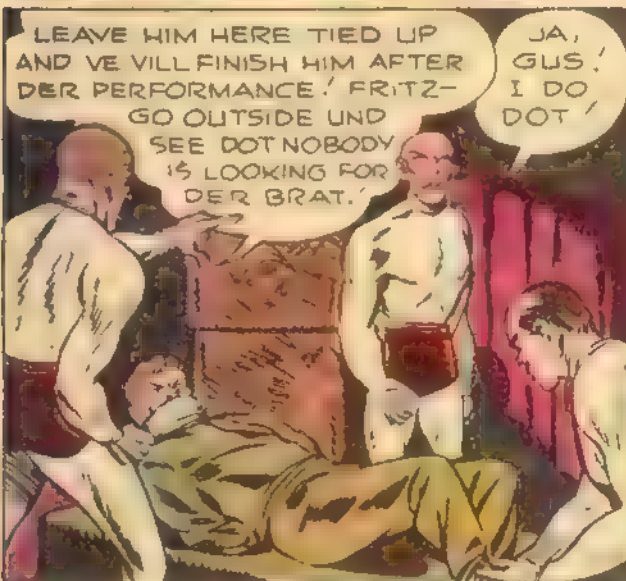
JA! BUT DER NEXT TIME YOU MAKE A MISTAKE VE WILL TREAT YOU LIKE DER GESTAPO ALWAYS TREATS BUNGLES

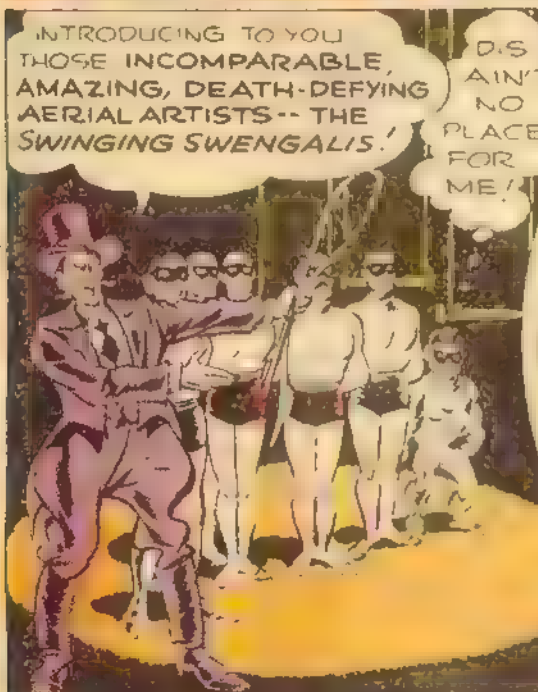
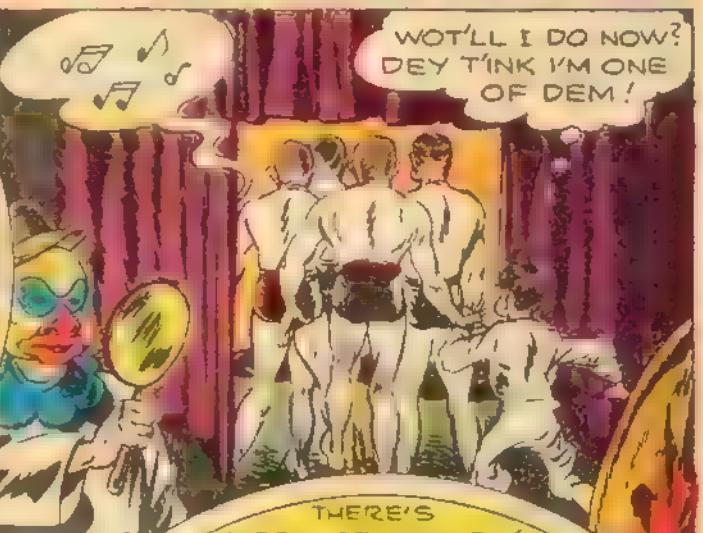
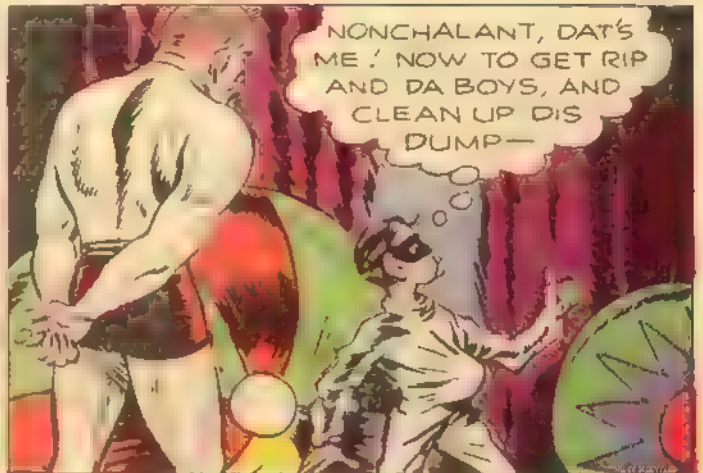
SUDDENLY!

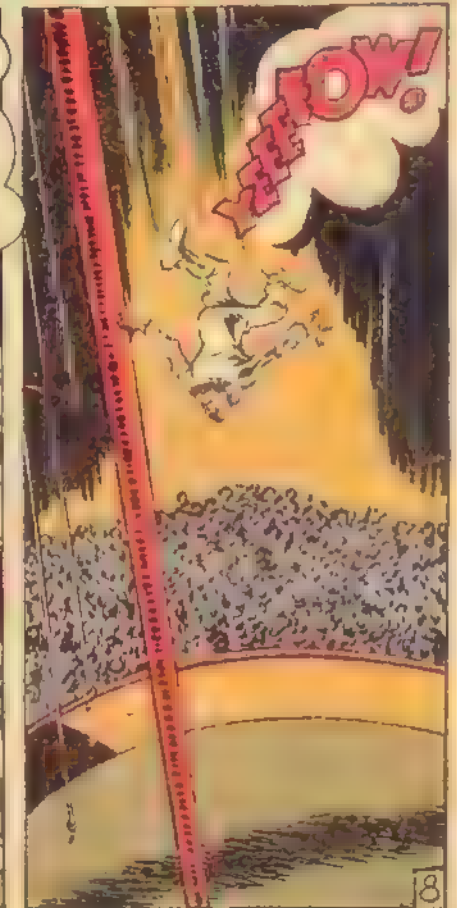
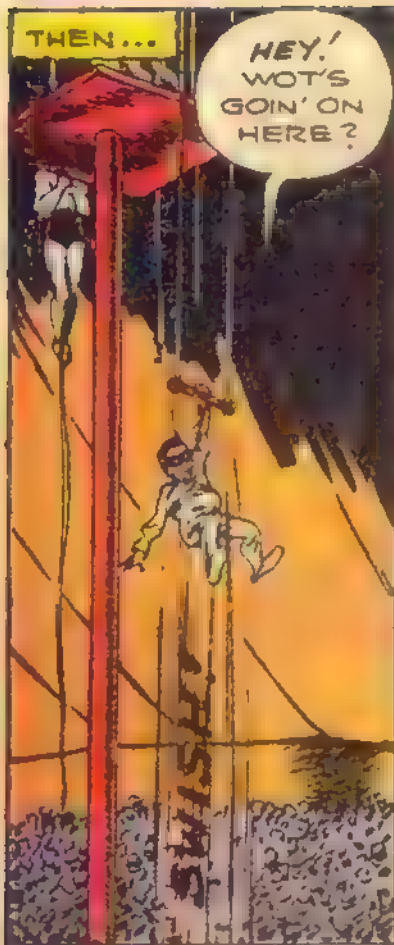
VOT IS DOT

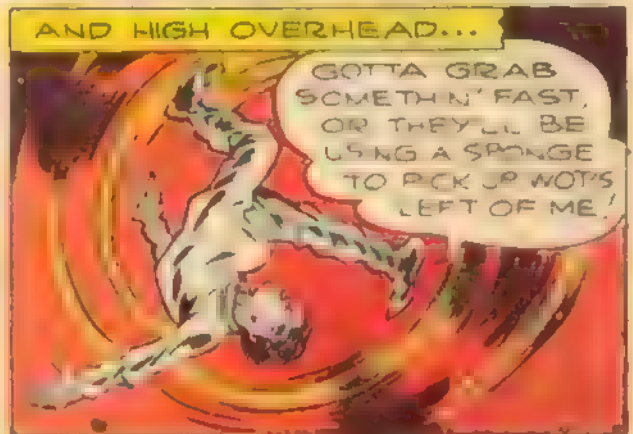
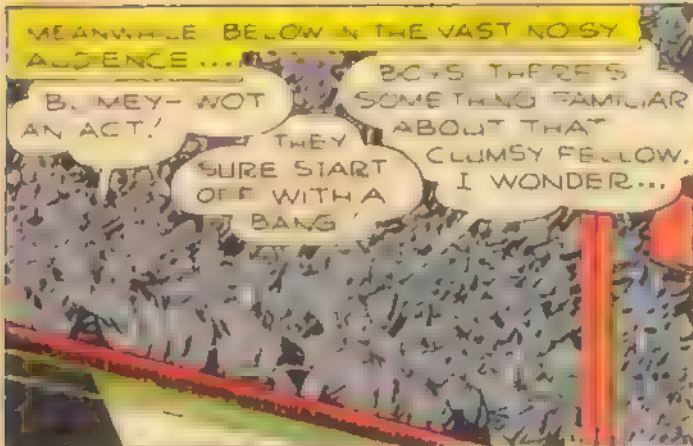
ACH! IT IS VUN OF DER BOY COMMANDOS!

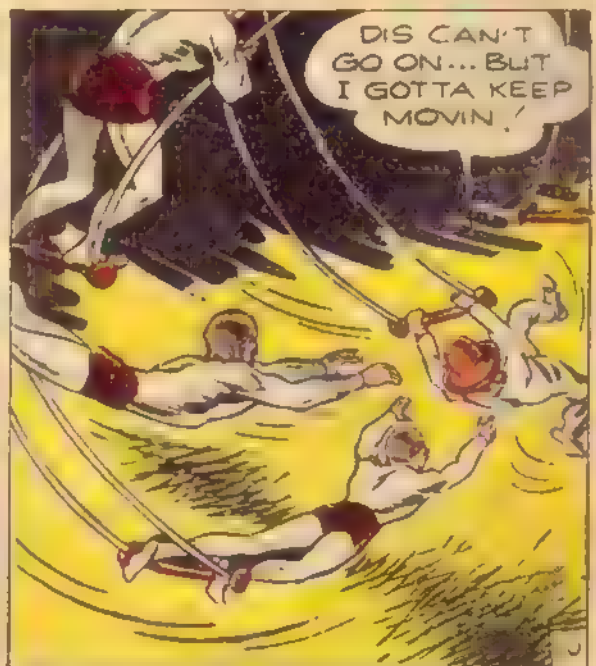
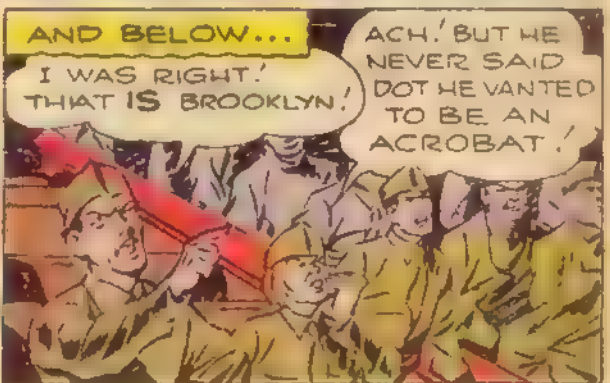
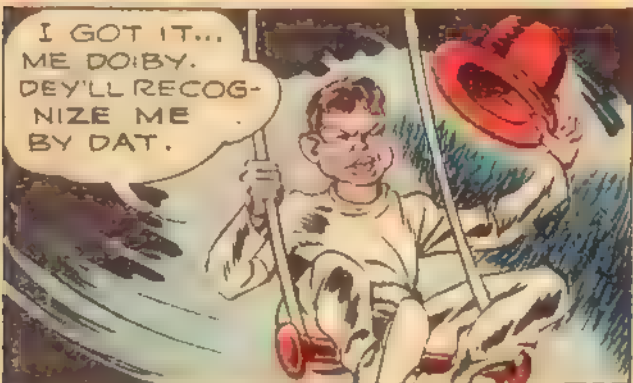


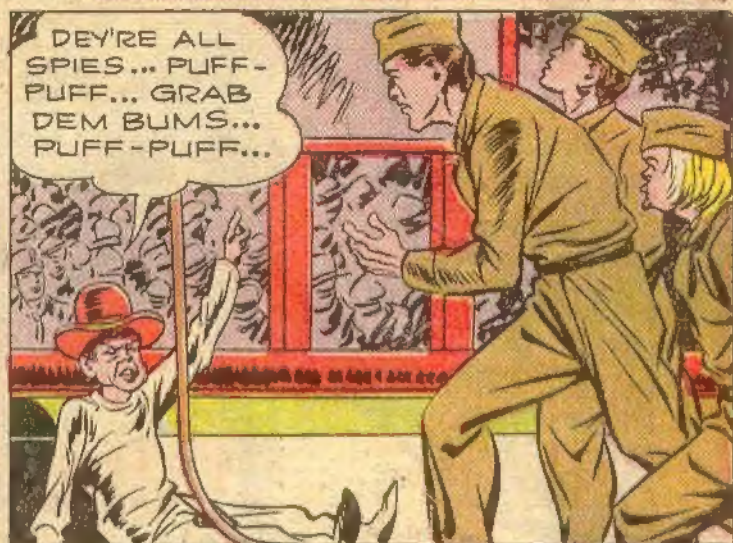












A SHARP COMMAND RINGS OUT-- AND THE NEXT MOMENT...



LATER, WITH THE SPIES ROUNDED UP...



IT WAS NUTTIN'! NUTTIN' AT ALL! ANY TIME YOUSE GUYS WANT ME TO PUT ON A SHOW, JUST GIMME DA WOID. ME AN-CESTORS USED TA SWING IN DA TREES -- HUH? WOTAM I SAYING?



Here's the Greatest **BILFOLD BARGAIN** in all America!

3 BIG VALUES in ONE

- ★ **This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case**
- ★ **Your Choice of Emblems and Name Engraved on the Billfold in 23k GOLD**
- ★ **3-Color Identification Plate Beautifully Engraved with your Name, Address and Social Security Number**

YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautiful
Smart Leather Billfold and
Pass Case to hold mem-
bership and credit cards, en-
graved case feature locks
securely so currency and
valuables can't fall out.

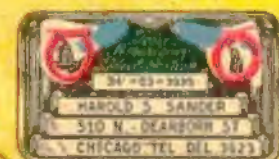


YOU GET THIS!
Your choice of Emblems
and your Name richly En-
graved in 23k Gold on the
Face of the Billfold. Your
Name is also engraved in
Gold, inside the Billfold.

● Rising Costs of
Leather Goods
may make it im-
possible to repeat
this amazing offer!



Your Full
Name Here



(NOTE: No C. O. D. Orders to Canada)
ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

YOU GET THIS!
A beautiful 3-color Emer-
gency Identification Plate
which carries your full name,
address and Social Security
Number. A perfect identi-
fication record for you.

**De Luxe
VALUE**

**Your Favorite Emblem, Name,
Address and Social Security Number**

Engraved IN GOLD!..

All At This God
LOW PRICE

Here, without a doubt, is the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Through a fortunate purchase we have a limited quantity of these smart leather Billfolds available at this low price. If you have shopped around, you know that it is virtually impossible to get a good leather Billfold of this type beautifully engraved in gold with your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and Name at this sensational low price. In addition we also send you a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your Name and your Address. This smart Leather Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. This handsome Billfold has the sturdy appearance and style usually found in costlier Billfolds.

Due to difficulty in obtaining good leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember, you get 3 Big Values for only \$1.98. So rush your order today! If after receiving your Engraved Billfold, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll refund the money.

RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME BARGAIN!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3081-A
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

If you want a LODGE, ARMY, or NAVY INSIGNIA, state name here:
I enclose \$1.50, plus now 20% Federal Tax (total \$2.70). Please send me prepaid a Smart
Leather Billfold with my name and favorite Emblem engraved in 23k Gold. You are also to re-
ceive the Emergency Identification Plate carrying my Full Name, Address, Social Security No.

MY FULL NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you want to ship the above C. O. D. for only \$1.50 plus 20% Tax, postage and C. O. D. charges.

**Rush Your Order! OUR SUPPLY
OF LEATHER BILFOLDS IS LIMITED!**

All for only
\$1.98

YOUR NAME ENGRAVED HERE!



LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh EVEREADY batteries** *Dated*



"What'll I do with it, Sarge? There ain't no carpet!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry — the doughboy does it!"
Won't you lend a few dollars to shorten the war? Buy more War Bonds!

RIGHT NOW, of course, the supply of "Eveready" flashlight batteries for civilian use is very limited. Nearly all our production goes to the Armed Forces and essential war industries. Their needs are tremendous and must come first.

But when this war is over, you'll be able to get all the "Eveready" batteries you want. And they will be new, improved batteries . . . they will give even longer service, better performance.

